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The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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LETTER FROM POPE LEO.

All Collections in this Country to be sent to Mgr. Satolli.

THE POPE'S INSTRUCTIONS.

Extensive Projects Including the Founding of Seminaries in the Orient.

An important letter has been received from Rome by the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli, to be forwarded by him to the Archbishops, who are to distribute it to their suffragans. Heretofore the Peter's pence collected each year in every diocese have been sent directly by the Bishops to Rome. Now those collections must be transmitted to the Delegate. Moreover, any individual who wishes to make in his own name a more liberal contribution than he would crdinarily put in the diocesan collection may do so by addressing it directly to the Pope through the Delegate. The following is the letter of the Holy Father to the Bishops:

"VENERABLE BROTHER: Among other efficient means of fostering and proving devotedness to the Roman Pontiff, one deserves notice—we mean the financial support given him that he may the more readily provide for the interests of the Church. Since the days of the apostles the faithful have given in this matter a noble example, which has continued through all the vicissitudes of time and events. This support is justly called Peter's pence. Assuredly in these days, when the rights of the Roman Church are unjustly violated and its former means have ceased, it is a fact worthy of remembrance and commendation that Catholics of almost every nation have been so warm in their attachment to the successor of St. Peter as to come in aid of his honorable destitution. In this great concert the faithful of your great country deserves a just meed of praise, for under the guidance and exhortation of their Bishops they have given remarkable proofs of the ardor of their faith and the native generosity of their hearts.

"Unless, then, to urge them to further continuance of this custom. Our purpose rather is to point out an arrangement which shall facilitate and, if possible, also increase their generosity. Not long ago, as you know, we thought proper to give your dioceses and your flocks a special pledge of our affection in the establishment of a permanent apostolic delegation, so that there might be constantly in your midst one who should represent our person and manage your more important affairs in our name and with our power. Now this institution naturally suggests the new arrangement we should like to make as to the Peter's pence. It is this: The collections for this purpose which each Bishop orders in his diocese, as well as the private contributions, that individual Catholics may wish to make to the Holy Father in their names, shall henceforth be forwarded to and placed to the credit of the Apostolic Delegate residing in Washington; he afterwards will remit the sums to us with itemized details. Your generosity will be most acceptable and opportune just now for the needs increase day by day with our growing solicitude for the faith, and especially since the publication of our late apostolic letter on unity. We cherish certain projects by which we hope, not without good grounds, to foster and hasten that devoutly wished consummation, the re-union of Christendom. Such, venerable brother, is our wish in this matter. We know well and duly praise your willingness to correspond to our counsels and desires. And now we lovingly bestow on yourselves, your work, your clergy, your people, the apostolic benediction, as a pledge of God's choicest blessings, that unfailing success may attend your pastorate.

"Given at Rome, in St. Peter's the 16th day of September, 1894, the seventeenth year of our pontificate.

LEO, P. P., XIII."

The projects above referred to are seminaries to be founded at various points in the Orient, Athens, Smyrna, Corfu, and others. The letter also, it is understood, implies that priests and people are expected to avail themselves of this opportunity to show their pleasure at the establlshment of the apostolic delegation.

The transmittal of this letter has been to some extent foreshadowed in Press dispatches from Rome. It must not, however, be confounded with the forthcoming encyclical, which will appear in due time.

An Archbishop's Robes 1205.

In our own time, when, from antiquarian curiosity or some other reason, ancient tombs have been opened we have come face to face with long-buried specimens of olden needle-work. An instance occurred not long since in Canterbury Cathedral, when the tomb of Hubert Walter was opened. This ecclesiastic was Archbishop of Canterbury when he died, in 1205. Only his bones remained when the investigation in question took place, but these lay in the vestments in which the body was interred nearly seven hundred years ago, and on these robes are various embroideries in silk and gold.

The linen was found to be considerably decayed, but the amber-colored silk on which the embroidery is worked is in fair preservation. This work consists of angels, the evangelists and other sacred figures arranged chiefly in roundlets. In the same cathedral may also be seen another specimen of even greater interest; this is the velvet jupon (a surcoat worn over armor) of the Black Prince, which is suspended over his tomb. It is embroidered with his arms in gold. The robes of the Saxon Bishop, St. Cuthbert, in the library of Durham, Cathedral, are also enriched with neeklework.

Ireland and Parkhurst.

Among the distinguished persons gathered in the Pulitzer Building in New York on election night to hear the returns were Archbishop Ireland, Bishop McGolrick, of Duluth, and Thomas Cochran, jr., of St. Paul. The Archbishop was very deeply interested in the returns and was very much delighted and surprised with the manner and promptness with which the returns were presented.

But more interesting was the meeting between him and Dr. Parkhurst. They had never seen each other before, and it is a significant thing that these two great men, of such diverse religious beliefs, should come together in a newspaper office.

When Dr. Parkhurst entered the room the Archbishop arose and advanced rapidly towards the doctor. He took his hand and with the other hand grasped his arm.

"How do you do, Dr. Parkhurst. I am delighted to see you," said the Archbishop, without waiting for an introduction. "I want to congratulate you with all my heart."

A slight blush came into Dr. Parkhurtt's cheek, then these two sat down and chatted for half an hour.

Order your Christmas edition early. A sixteen page number for five cents. Ready Dec. 15th.

WHAT AND WHERE IS HELL?

Vicar-General of Boston Speaks upon the Question.

ITS LOCATION DISCUSSED.

No Scriptural Authority for Placing it in the Bowels of the Earth.

The Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston, Very Rev. W. Byrne thus answers in the Boston Sunday Globe:

The lively interest which thinking people take in the condition of disembodied souls has prompted many curious questions about heaven and hell which the Catholic church find no warrant in divine revelation for answering. Where is hell is one of these unanswered questions. Men are left to their own speculations on this point.

Before the reunion of the soul with the body, which will not take place till doomsday, there is no need of thinking of the soul as necessarily confined to any limits in space. Spirits unhampered by material bodies being subject to psychical, not physical, laws, are free from the limitations of time and place, unless restrained by the will of God. Certain passages of scripture, interpreted literally, would justify the belief that after the end of the world the evil spirits, now seemingly allowed to roam at will throughout this world, would be confined, together with the lost souls of men, within certain limits, as in a prison. See Rev. xx., 9, and Matt., xxv., 41.

Till the end of time we may regard the universe as the field of action of the disembodied soul. Lost souls of course, are excluded from heaven and the presence of God. The state of happiness is the heaven of the departed soul, and the state of suffering its hell.

The latest catechism of Christian doctrine issued with ecclesiastical sanction in this country says that "hell is the state to which the wicked are condemned and are in dreadful torments." It makes no attempt to locate hell. Nor has the church ever defined what the torments of hell are or how they are inflicted.

Doctors of theology are nearly unanimous in teaching the following points: Hell exists. Souls departing from this life unshriven of the guilt of mortal sin go immediately into hell. Between death and judgment there is no time given for repentance unto justification The only intermediate state is that of purgatory, which souls departing in the grace of God, but stained by venial faults or with a debt of penance undischarged, pass through on their way to heaven.

The punishment of the damned does not diminish with the lapse of time, and is eternal. Out of hell there is no redemption. The pains of hell are, according to theologians, of two kinds. The pain of loss, which arises from the agonizing thought of the loss of heaven, and the pain of sense, which is inflicted chiefly by the infernal fires.

This fire is real, and has the quality of affecting spirits as well as bodies. It is not, therefore, exactly the same as the fire we know on this earth. It was specially prepared for the devil and his angels, and souls in rebellion against God at the hour of death share the fate of the rebel angels. The Catholic church has never defined the nature of this fire. The passages of Scripture on which this teaching of the doctors is founded are chiefly the following:

"And the rich man died and was buried in hell, and being in torments he lifted up his eyes." (Luke xvi., 23). "Their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be quenched." (Isaiah lxvi., 24).

"Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire." (Matt. xxv., 41).

"Into Gehenna, into the unquenchable fire, where the worm dieth not." (Matt. ix., 42).

It is well known that vulgar belief, both among the Jews and pagans, and also among Christians, locates hell deep in the bowels of the earth, but the church has never sanctioned this belief by any formal decree.

Literature in Catholic Homes.

We have received from the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., a "Lecture delivered before the Catholic Summer School of America" this year. It covers but thirty two pages. But as it is dedieated with permission to Archbishop Corrigan and has his Grace's imprimatur as well as that of the Prior Provincial of the author's religious order, it is safe to conclude more importance is attached to the lecture than its size would otherwise justify.

Reading between the lines the nouveau riche, who try to be aristocratic in to the Catholic body, but whose ideas are taken from the outside world of fashion are not to the reverend lecturer's heart in aiding as might be fairly expected of them the cause of Catholic literature. He finds, as has been found in Europe, that the strength and backbone of intellectual movement must be looked for in what elsewhere are called the middle classes, and thence percolate to our poorer brethren.

With good reason, it is urged that a very lsrge portion of the gaudily bound works published by our Catholic booksellers could with great advantage to the spiritual and intellectual life of our people be destroyed. We may add, what has been gained by putting in the back ground, the Following of Christ, the Devout Life of St. Francis of Sales, the Spiritual Combat, S. Alphonsus' Preparation for Death, his Love of Jesus, the works of S. Louis Grenada. Think well on't of Challoner, all so well known to our forefathers?

It must be admitted that notwithstanding the marked progress in elementary and middle class education, our people are not readers. In our opinion one of the chief causes of this is the miserable mode of instruction in English prevalent in the schools. Few are the children who after graduating can read aloud intelligently a good author; fewer still are they, who can analyze the line of thought of a writer, or give an accurate signification to the words of a writer, or give an accurate signification to the words used; and rare are they who can express in good plain language their thoughts on paper. The careful study of the mother tongue is sacrificod for a smattering of useless subjects. A second obstacle is the high price of our publications. We already have in English a fund of literature of which we may fairly be proud. But it is not within the reach of the masses of our people. Catholics are poor, and their restricted means should be met. Just recall what Duffy of Dublin, and Richardson of England, did to put works of the highest order in the hands of our people. Milner's End of Controvercy, Hay's Sincere and Devout Christian, the Missionary Priests of England, the Sure Way to find out the True Religion, and other unurpassed works, could be had for at least one-third or one-fourth of what they cost in this country.

Beyond all doubt the Reverend-Lecturer is right in saying that magazines will play a great part in our Catholic households. Let them keep up to the standard of the Rosary, so ably edited by himself, and they assuredly will. The success of the Ave Maria, Donahoe's Magazine, the World and the Month amply prove the point already.

There are other matters suggested by the lecture that we would like to touch, but space prevents us. We congratulate the reverend lecturer for his outspoken criticism. There is so much self-adulation about what is being accomplished, that it is well to have a courageous son of S. Dominic remind us of shortcomings.

KING HENRY VIII.

The Founder of the Church of England.

CHURCHMAN CORRECTED.

Mgr. Capel Refutes Misleading Statements in an Episcopalian Journal.

The Pacific Churchman, in its issue of the 1st of November, says: "An intelligent layman, having carefully studied up the subject, enlightened his hearers on the historical facts connected with the English Reformation, especially as bearing on the absurd, but persistently reiterated statement that Henry VIII was the founder of the English church." By the English church, it is presumed, is meant the present Anglican church, established by law of which Queen Victoria is "Supreme Governor in all ecclesiastical and spiritual things in causes."

That the careful studies of an intelligent layman should lead to the denial of what by the consensus of modern historians is an unquestionable fact, is very astonishing, And as the layman's avowed purpose was to instruct others, we submit the following evidence for his better judgment.

1. Previous to the reign of King Henry VIII the church in England had received its christian doctrines from Pope Gregory the Great through St. Augustine. Its organization was the creation of the Pope. As Lingard informs us: "Pope Agatho limited the number of bishops to one Metropolitan and eleven Suffragans. Leo II established a second Metropolitan at York; Adrian a third at Lichfield, and confirmed to the Church of Canterbury that precedence of rank and authority which it has since possessed down to the present day. In like manner the Church in England derived all its authority in things spiritual from the Pope. St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and sixty-eight successors in the same See received the Pallium, the emblem of metropolitan power or jurisdiction from Rome, and Rome was their final court of appeal. Here is an extract from the Episcopal oath then taken- "I, (N,) elect of (N,) from this hour will be in future faithful and obedient to Blessed Peter and the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and our Lord (N) Pope and his successors lawfully succeeding." Under this continuous authority the cathedrals of England were built, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge established and the land studded with great monasteries.

The faith of these Archbishops concerning the Supremacy of the Pope is plainly stated by the famed scholastic philosopher, S. Anselm, who died Archbishop of Canterbury in 1089. "It is certain," says he, "that he who does not obey the ordinances of the Roman Pontiff, which are issued for the maintenance of the Christian Religion, is disobedient to the Apostle Peter, whose Vicar he is, nor is he of that flock which was given to him (Peter) by God. Let him then find some other gates of the Kingdom of Heaven, for by these he shall not go in, of which the Apostle Peter holds the keys."

2. In the year 1533 an act of Parliament was passed in which it was declared that the King, Henry VIII "is Supreme Head of the Church of England, as the Prelates and clergy of your Realm representing the said church in said Synods and Convocations have recognized." And the Statute declares that as Head in Earth of the Church of England the king has all "pre-eminences, jurisdictions, privileges, authorities to the said dignity belonging, and especially full power to repress, correct and amend all heresies and abuses which by any manner, spiritual authority or jurisdiction ought to be repressed, corrected or amended." And later still it was asserted by Parliament "Archbishops, bishops, archdeacons and other ecclesiastical persons have no manner of jurisdiction ecclesiastical, but by, under and from your Royal Majesty."

On the 15th of January, following the passage of the Acts of Supremacy, the new title was by a decree of the council incorporated in the king's style. It has ever since been claimed, retained and acted on by the sovereigns of England. In virtue of it, Edward VI and Elizabeth created new articles of religion and made grave changes in the form of worship. Blackstone and Coke explaining this prerogative claimed by the sovereigns of England say: "All that power which the Pope ever exercised within the realm in spirituals is now annexed to the Crown." Cranmer, the seventieth cocupant in the See of Canterbury, and all his suceessors, as well as all the bishops of the Church of England, take Henry's Oath of Supremacy, whereby they "from henceforth utterly renounce, refuse, relinquish or forsake the Bishop of Rome, his authority," and "shall acccept, repute and take the King's Majesty to be the only Supreme Head of the Church of England." The modern oath is slightly altered in form but not in substance. When public opinion was aroused by Pius IX of happy memory re-erecting an ecclesiastical hierarchy in England to replace that established by his predecessors in the chair of Peter thirteen hundred years ago, the Protestant bishops of England assembled in convocation in I854, voted an obsequious address to Queen Victoria in these words: "We not only recognize but highly prize your Majesty's Supremacy in all causes ecclesiastical over all persons, and every part of your Majcsty's Dominion." This power, sacrilegiously usurped by Henry VIII, has been largely exercised by Victoria. Her Majesty, by Letters Patent like Bulls of Popes, has created bishoprics not only in her colonial dominions, but also in Jerusalem, and has imparted Episcopal authority over the central and southern countries of Europe.

3. Henry VIII and his terrified venal Parliament made it High Treason to deny the Royal Supremacy. "Every bishop, abbot and parish priest," says the Historian Green, "was required to preach against the usurpations of the Papacy, and to proclaim the king as Supreme Head of the Church." The Wars of the Roses had nearly destroyed the aristocracy who might have protected the people from the robbery of their faith. Still they stood bravely for the old religion. Both Dr. Brewer and Mr. James Gairdener, in their prefaces to "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII, arranged and catalogued under the direction of the Master the Rolls," bear indisputable evidence of the mind of the people. Mr. Gairdener says: "The seven months of which this volume contains the record, beheld a series of appalling executions which completely subdued in England all spirit of resistance, while abroad it filled the minds alike of Romanists and Protestants with honor and indignation. That the nation disliked the change of religion, as it disliked the cause of the change, there can be very little doubt. On no other subject during the whole reign have we had such overt and repeated expressions of dissatisfaction with the king and his proceedings." Th eCarthusians, the holiest and most renowned of English churchmen, Bishop Fisher, the

Continued on second page.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Items of Catholic Interest from all Sections.

The corner-stone of a Catholic Cathedral has been laid at Suva, in the Fiji Islands. It will be built of stone and dedicated to St. Paul.

Mgr. Wilbert, the distinguished archæologist, is looked upon as the moral successor to De Rossi's position as the chief authority on christian antiquities living in Rome.

The belief is general in Rome that Cardinal Vincenzo Vannuteli will represent the Pope at the ceremonies of the coronation of Nicholas II., as he did when Alexander III. ascended the throne.

According to returns recently made it appears that there are 35,764 Roman Catholics in the British army. This large number is due probably to the large number of Irishmen enlisted in the service.

Monks from Brittany are to settle in Wales with the special mission of converting the Welsh people. The language of the Bretons and of the Cornish is of the same Gaelic family as the Welsh.

Mgr. McMahon, of the Catholic University, who was lately raised to the dignity of a Monsignor, has presented $1,000 to Mgr. Satolli to help bear the expenses of the future cardinallate which will eventually be conferred on the Apostolic Delegate.

At a recent conference of the Archbishops and at the banquet tendered them by the C. T. A. U. societies of of Philadelphia, Cardinal Gibbons said that he once called on Archbishop Ireland, who gave him a choice of drinking Mississippi water or Minnesota milk.

Cardinal Gibbons is at present visiting with his brother in New Orleans. The Cardinal is accompanied by Rev. W. A. Riordan, chancellor of the archdiocese of Baltimore, and Rev. John D. Boland. The Cardinal will leave for Rome early in December to visit the Vatican.

An article in the Catholic World by the Catholic Bishop of Tarsus, in Armenia, says that 200,000 schismatics have returned to the Mother Church, in that small principality, since 1850. This has necessitated the erection of sixteen dioceses in that patriarchate during that time.

Rev. Kevork Ardzrouni, who was ordained an Armenian Priest in September, 1833, and whose influence in the Armenian Chureh in Constantinople has been thorough for many years, died lately at the age of 107 years. His last sermon was preached Easter, 1892, when he was carried into the church on a chair.

The Congregation of the Propaganda has sent numerons subsidies to the Catholic missions in China in view of recent converts. The Vatican is in communication with France, which has a protectorate over the missions, in order that it may intercede with other European powers in favor of the missionaries, who have sent to the Propaganda very alarming reports.

Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, is about to inaugurate the beautiful custom of the ringing of the De Profundis bell in his diocese. In European countries this has always been done, the De Profundis being rung about an hour after the Angelus. During the ringing of the bell Catholics are supposed to repeat the De Pofundis for their deseased friends and the souls in purgatory.

Rev. Gabriel Korkemas, the Maronite priest who went to Boston some months ago to labor among the Arabic-speaking Catholics, is contemplating the erection of a chapel in that city. He has the sanction of the Archbishop in his undertaking. At present he holds services at St. James' Church, Harrison Avenue, through the courtesy of the Rev. W. P. McQuade, the pastor.

The bishop of Dutch Guiana, during a visit he recently made to his native land, Holland, asked some Sisters there to volunteer for the care of the lepers, who ere quite numerous in his episcopate. All the aid he requested was that six sisters should volunteer, but ninety of the good nuns offered him their services. Monsignor Wolfling could not accept all.

The Semaine Religieuse of Saint De relates that M. Viger, the Minister of Agriculture, while visiting the hospital of Bruyere, presented Sister Maria, who has been forty-two years in the Order attending on the sick, with a medal of honour, accompanying it with the words that in was intended as a homage to the Sisters of Charity all over the world who sacrificed themselves to suffering humanity.

Mgr. Lorenzo Pintozzi, of Brescia, Italy, has just passed away. He followed closely in the footsteps of St. Vincent de Paul and Dom Bosco in his love of poor children. He gathered about him the most abandoned boys, watched over their education, visited their families in their gloomy homes, and did all he could to make them love religion and practice it. These are the men who make the world better.

Here is an item of significant interest to the A. P. A. fraternity. On November 11 the Catholic Cathedral of Southwark, London, named for St. George of England, was solemnly consecrated by the English Cardinal in presence of the eighteen bishops of England and a large representation of the English priests. This Cathedral stands on the very spot where in 1780 Lord George Gordon assembled his followers to march on Parliament to pose any concessions to Catholics.

The Right Rev. H. Hanson, Bishop-elect of Leos and Vicar Apostolic of the upper Nile district of Uganda, has arrived in Rome and taken up his residence at the English Chrch of San Silvesto in Capite. He has come direct from India. Mgr. Hanlon is the first Bishop chosen by the Holy See among the students of Cardinal Vaughan's missionary college at Mill Hill, and his appointment is part of the readjustment of affairs which has followed the unpleasant disturbance in troubled Uganda, arising from the fact that the White Fathers founded by Cardinal Lavigerie are objectionable to the English authorities.

Catholics ought to be satisfied with the success of the Church in the Canton of Geneva, Switzerland. In 1822 there were 31,000 Protestants in that Canton, and 51,000 in 1888, whilst Catholics have increased from 19,000 in 1822 to 52,000 in 1888. The Church has grown about in the same proportion in the other Cantons, so that the old division between Catholic and Protestant cantons is rapidly disappearing. The fin de siecle shows well for Catholicity all over the world.

A dispatch from Winnepeg says: "The long and bitter fight regarding religious exercises in the public schools and the proposed abolition of all Catholic separate schools in the Canadian Northwest has been brought to a close, for a time at least, by the Northwest Legislature determining by a majority vote that the Catholics shall not be deprived of their right to establish separate schools, and in districts where they maintain such separate schools, shall not also be taxed for the public schools."

Two hundred and forty pupils were enrolled during the past year in the Catholic Indian schools of the diocese of Green Bay, Wis. The total Catholic Indian population in the dioaese is 1,400. Sixty-five converts are reported among the Oneidas and a limited number among the Stockbridges. There are four churches, attended by two priests, both of whom are Franciscans. There is an industrial school, situated at Keshena. It is taught by religious of the Order of St. Francis viz.: Two priests, five lay brothers, six nuns and one secular teacher.

On the request of the complainants Judge Tuthill dismissed the bill filed by the congregation of the Immaculate Conception Roman Catholic Polish Church of South Chicago against the Archbishop. It was announced to the court that all the matters in difference had been satisfactorily settled with Archbishop Feehan, and that a dismissal was agreed upon. The church building was burned May 6 last, and the bill was brought to restrain the erection of a new church under the direction of the Archbishop, as the complainants claimed that the contracts let by the Archbishop were too large.

"Mr. T. Suffran Tayler, who on his bridal tour of 40,000 miles visited China among other place," says the New York Sun, "was strongly impressed by the activity and success of the Roman Catholic missionaries in China. He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal church, and a generous contributor to its missions, but he admits that Protestant missionaries have been far less successful in Christianziing China than the Roman Catholics. The success of the Catholic church he attributes to its methods. Jesuit missionaries from France and Italy were met who looked so much like Chinamen that it was difficult to distinguish them from the natives. They have adopted the Chinese dress, even to the cue, and they live like the Chinese and talk their language fluently. The Protestant missionaries live like Europeans, and generally aloof from the natives."

King Henry VIII.

(*Continued from first page.*)

most learned among the prelates, Sir Thomas More, the chancellor, the foremost Englishman of the time, (the epithets to each are from the Historian Green,) together with a crowd of clergy and laymen suffered horrible tortures and death rather than accept the new religion.

We trust the intelligent layman referred to at the beginning of this article will with these facts before him realize that as truly as the American colonies threw off the allegiance of England and formed an independent nation, so as truly did Henry VIII throw off allegiance in things spiritual to the Pope, and create the Church of England, making himself virtually its Pope. It is true the old organization remained as well as the Cathedrals. Outwardly the form was that of the the old church, but inwardly the living divine authority was gone. It was neither more nor less than an establishment, a department of government depending on and living in the Supreme Civil power.

Referring to a later period, the Historian, Green, who remember, was an Anglican minister, writes: "The Church of England stood from that moment isolated and alone among all the churches of the christian world. The Reformation had severed it irretrievably from those which still clung to the obedience of the Papacy. By its rejection of all but Episcopal orders, the Act of Uniformity severed it as irretrievably from the general body of the Protestant churches, whether Lutheran or Reformed."

T. J. CAPEL.

OUR GREAT OFFER.

Brief Summary of an Unparallelled Premium Offer.

A second and large shipment of the premium County Maps of Ireland has been received, and we are prepared to at once fill all orders. No more successful premium has ever been offered by a Catholic newspaper on this coast. and the Celtic people are not slow to realize its value as a means of studying up on the geography of their country. Below is a summary of our great premium offer.

For those who send us $4.65, we will send a magnificent crayon portrait, entitled a True Likeness of Our Savior, framed in a three-inch oak frame, with handsome passepartout, already boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and a copy of this paper for one year. This offer is limited, and those who desire to obtain this magnificent picture should order it at once.

Our second offer is for $1.50 and 10 cents. to pay postage, to send you a copy of this paper for one year, and an elegantly printed map of Ireland, size, 2½x4 feet, printed in twelve colors. The retail value of this map alone is $1.50, so you practically get this paper for nothing.

For our third offer we will on receipt of $1.00 send you the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for three months and execute for you a crayon portrait, size 17x14 inches, in the highest style of the art. These pictures are superior to any yet offered, and will warrant the closest study. As the price of the paper for three months is 40 cents, the picture, therefore, will only cost 60 cents, but will not be supplied to any but subscribers. Cut a coupon from the paper, enclose $1.00 in coin, money order or stamps, with your photograph. If the picture is not satisfactory your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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OUT OF THE FLAMES.

A DEPARTMENT CAPTAIN TALKS ABOUT FIRE ESCAPES.

Some Sensible Advice to Women—What to Do When Caught In a Burning Building—It Is Well to Know How to Take Care of Yourself at Such a Time.

"Wrap the rope around the body, always put one hand below and one hand above on the rope, then slide," was the advice of Captain McAdam in reply to my query of how to get out of a burning building.

The question was provoked by seeing a number of blue coated firemen go speeding down a rope suspended from the sixth story of a building. They were testing fire escapes, and their ease and confidence made me wonder why some of this level headedness couldn't be imparted to women—or men either, for that matter—in cases of emergency.

So I went inside the great, admirably kept drilling rooms and interviewed the captain.

"Well," he added, "you can preach to women about the way to use ropes and fire escapes, but when a person is scared out of her senses you can't expect her to do calmly what she would tremble to do in time of safety.

"Why, I don't dare take a raw man and send him down from the sixth story for his trial. If I did, he would never appear again. I get him 'broke in' by commencing at the first, then increasing his slide, not reaching the seventh story for two weeks."

"Then you don't think it silly for people to forget all common sense in time of fire?" I asked.

"Never. No one realizes more than I the horrible feeling of being caught in a trap. Fire seems to demoralize the bravest. Women are just as brave as men, for I have known a man to rush down stairs, leaving a wife and five children, when if all of Hagenbeck's animals were placed in a field and his child among them he would dash over the fence alone to its rescue."

"What's best to remember?"

"First, how to use the ropes that are placed in hotel rooms and should be in every private residence. They are attached firmly to a link in the window. Should the rope be without appliances, simply drop it out of the window; then, sitting on the sill, place the rope around the body under the arms. Make no loop, only pass the long end of the rope over the other in front of the chest. As you lower yourself place the right hand firmly on the end of the rope, which reaches to the ground. This prevents the rope from slipping off the body. Throw the weight of the body on that hand and guide with the left, which is on the upper end of the rope. The friction of the ropes passing each other over the chest prevents a too rapid descent, and thus the hands are saved from severe blistering, for as soon as the rope cuts through the flesh man or woman will let go; the agony is too great. In descending keep the body near the wall and break the slide by scraping the feet along the walls."

"Suppose the fire broke out from a window below while the person is coming down—then what?"

"The only thing is to swing close to the wall until the heat is too intense, then give the body a herculean push outward by the feet from the wall. The momentum will send the body flying out into space, clear of the flames; then slide just as fast as rope and gravitation will take you, even if the hands are cut. It is the only safe measure. There is no time to take any other precaution."

Captain McAdam, however, does not approve of the plain rope. Of course the iron fire escape is every fireman's preference, if it is free, but sometimes it supports a mob that is equally dangerous. Again, certain occupants are cut off from it by fire, so next to this comes a rope, attached to an iron pulley, which in turn is fastened to a hook in the window. One end of the rope is thrown to the ground; the other has a small loop which can be quickly pulled to fit the body. It is slipped under the arms and the body lowered. No holding on is necessary, for it is the primitive science of a bucket on a pulley line going down a well. The rope goes around several small wheels inside the pulley, which materially check the run of the rope, limiting it to ten feet in ten seconds. The noose can't slip off the body. The wheels must go around as long as the weight is there, and, to quote the captain, "Kick and holler as she will, she's bound to come down."

"In case of being caught by the fire, captain, what is the best thing to do? Put a wet blanket around yourself and run through it?"

"Theoretically that is fine," he answered, "but remember that it takes buckets of water to soak a blanket, and if there is not a bath tub near to accomplish this no few pitchers are adequate. So next best is to wrap the head up in coat or anything woolen. This keeps out the fire and not the air from the lungs, and the greater danger comes from the former being inhaled.

"Should the smoke commence to fill the room and you want to crawl to another part of the building, drop on your hands and knees and crawl as close to the floor as possible, for the smoke goes first to the top and to the floor last, so that much time is secured. If all escape seems cut off, put on woolen clothes, hold a piece of flannel over the mouth and nose, stand at the most prominent window and call for help. A fireman will speedily come by ways you never thought of and deliver you."—H. Hallmark in Chicago Record.

The Dear Child.

Clergyman (anxious to compliment the host of a Sunday school outing)—Now, can any child tell me to what one person we are most indebted for the great crowd of happy and smiling faces that are gathered here today?

Dear Child—Adam.—London Tit-Bits.

A WELL AS A BAROMETER.

It Is on a Cattaraugus (N. Y.) County Farm and Infallibly Foretells Weather.

There is a curious well on the Flint farm, in the town of Great Valley, Cattaraugus county. It is a natural barometer. Nobody ever passes that farm, winter or summer, if the weather is settled, without asking something like this:

"Does the well threaten a change?"

For every one knows that if there is bad weather coming the well will let them know it, sure as sure as can be.

They call the well up there the "whistling well," although it doesn't whistle now. But that isn't any fault of the well. This well was dug about 50 years ago by the father of Colonel Flint, who now occupies the farm. He put it down 45 feet, but found no water and dug no farther. Instead of water, a strong current of air came from the well at times. The opening was covered with a big flat stone, and for amusement a hole was drilled in the stone and a big tin whistle fitted into it. This whistle had two tones—one when the air rushed up from the well, and a different one when the counter current sucked the air back in the mysterious depths. It wasn't long before the discovery was made that within 48 hours after the outrushing current from the well started the whistle to shrieking a storm invariably followed. When the tone of the whistle was changed by the reversing of the current, it was discovered that the change meant a change and the coming of fair weather. These weather signals never failed. When the weather was settled, the whistle was silent. The whistle got out of order some years ago, and for some reason was never repaired, but the coming and going currents of air still prophesy the coming of their respective "spells of weather" with unvarying infallibility. —New York Sun.

JOHN BULL'S HUMOR.

It Is of the Fat Witted Kind; That Is What Americans Think.

Hawthorne, observing Englishmen in England, speaks of them as "heavy witted." Emerson alludes to their "saving stupidity." Howells has introduced to us some typical specimens of English respectability and rank baffled in their chase after American humor, but on the scent and arriving at the point of appreciation after considerable silent thought, sometimes lasting into the next day, and here is the testimony of Lowell, from his recently published "Letters." In a letter written in 1889 from England to Professor Norton he thus explains the warm reception given to Buffalo Bill by London society:

"But I think the true key to this eagerness for lions, even of the poodle sort, is the dullness of the average English mind. I never come back here without being struck with it. Henry James said it always stupefied him at first when he came back from the continent. What it craves beyond everything is a sensation, anything that will serve as a Worcestershire sauce to its sluggish palate. We of finer and more touchy fiber get our sensations cheaper and do not find Wordsworth's emotion over a common flower so very wonderful.

"People are dull enough on our side of the ocean stream also, God wot, but here, unless I know my people, I never dare to let my mind gambol. Most of them, if I ever do, look on like the famous deaf man at the dancers, wondering to what music I am capering. They call us superficial. Let us thank God, dear Charles, that our nerves are nearer the surface, not so deeply imbedded in fat or muscle that wit must take a pitchfork to us."—Outlook.

The "a" and "ap" In Surnames.

The small letters a and ap as they appear between the Christian and surnames, as in Thomas a Kempis and William ap Hugh, are abbreviations of Latin prepositions meaning "of," "at" or "from." They generally refer to the town or place where one was born or to the family estate. In the case of the first mentioned person above, the famous author of "Imitation of Christ," the a denotes "from." His real name was Thomas Hammerkin, but he was born in the town of Kempen, near Cologne, and on that account was known during his school days and always after as Thomas a Kempis, which was equivalent to "Thomas from Kempen." In modern times these prepositions have been almost entirely eliminated from our nomenclature and are now only found in the contracted forms, as in "Pugh," a surname which was formerly "ap Hugh."—St. Louis Republic.

Her Idea of Time.

At the house of a friend of mine the other day a little auburn haired tot had been guilty of some mischief and had disappeared. We searched all over the house for her without success at first, but at last she was found behind an easy chair.

"Why, where on earth have you been, Annie?" asked the mother.

"Been here," came the feeble response.

"And how long have you been here?"

"Four days!" she piped.

It had seemed a long time to the child with the guilty conscience.—New York Herald.

Mushroom Poisoning.

It is well perhaps for the sake of a possible emergency to bear in mind that on the authority of Dr. Taylor, chief of the division of microscopy of the department of agriculture, there is but one known antidote to mushroom poisoning, sulphate of atropin. A dose may be given in the usual way by the mouth or by hypodermic injections.

Broke Something.

Miss Gaswell—Have you heard that all is over between Miss Bellefield and Mr. Hilltop?

Miss Dukane—I heard something about it. Did Blanche break her heart?

Miss Gaswell—No, only her engagement.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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NAPOLEONIC STOCK.

HIS FATHER WAS A PATRICIAN AND HIS MOTHER A PEASANT.

But the Latter Was Cast In a Heroic Mold, and From Her the Son Got His Tremendous Physical Endurance—She Was Mother of a Large Family.

Of the father and mother of the emperor Professor W. M. Sloane writes as follows in Century:

Certain undisputed facts throw a strong light on Napoleon's father. His people were proud and poor; he endured the hardships of poverty with equanimity. Strengthening what little influence he could muster, he at first appears ambitious and has himself described in his diploma as a patrician of Florence, San Miniato and Ajaccio. On the other hand, with no apparent regard for his personal advancement by marriage, he followed his own inclination, and in 1764, at the age of 18, rashly perhaps, but gallantly, wedded a lowly and beautiful child of 15, Letitia Ramolino.

Her descent was the reverse of her husband's, although her fortune was quite equal if not superior to his. She was of peasant nature to the last day of her long life—hardy, unsentimental, frugal and sometimes unscrupulous. Yet the hospitality of her little home in Ajaccio was lavish, after the manner of her kind, and consequently famous. Among the many guests who availed themselves of it was Marbeuf, commander in Corsica of the first army of occupation. There was long afterward a malicious tradition that the French general was Napoleon's father. The morals of Letitia di Buonaparte, like those of her conspicuous children, have been bitterly assailed, but her own good name, at least, has always been vindicated. The evident motive of the story sufficiently refutes such an aspersion as it contains. Of the bride's extraordinary beauty there never has been a doubt. She was a woman of heroic mold, like Juno in her majesty, unmoved in prosperity, undaunted in adversity. It was probably to his mother, whom he strongly resembled in childhood, that the famous son owed his tremendous, even gigantic, physical endurance. If in his mother was reproduced the type of a Roman matron, in the son would be recalled the virtues and vigor of an imperator.

After their marriage the youthful pair resided in Corte, waiting until events should permit their return to Ajaccio. Naturally of an indolent temperament, the husband was at first drawn into the daring enterprises of Paoli and displayed a temporary enthusiasm, but for more than a year before the end he wearied of them. At the head of a body of men of his own rank he finally withdrew to Monte Rotondo, and on May 23, 1769, a few weeks before Paoli's flight, the band made formal submission to the two French generals, Marbeuf and Vaux, explaining through Buonaparte that the national leader had misled them by promises of aid which never came, and that, recognizing the impossibility of further resistance, they were anxious to accept the new government, to return to their homes and to resume the peaceful conduct of their affairs. It was this precipitate naturalization of the father as a French citizen which made his great son a Frenchman. Less than three months afterward, on Aug. 15, his fourth child, Napoleone di Buonaparte, was born in Ajaccio.

The resources of the Buonapartes, as they still wrote themselves, were small, although their family and expectations were large. An only child, Letitia had inherited her father's little home and his vineyards in the suburbs, for her mother had married a second time. Her stepfather had been a Swiss mercenary in the pay of Genoa. In order to secure the woman of his choice he became a Roman Catholic and was the father of Mme. di Buonaparte's half brother, Joseph Fesch. Charles himself was the owner of lands in the interior, but they were heavily mortgaged, and he could contribute little to the support of his family. His uncle, a wealthy landlord, had died childless, leaving his domains to the Jesuits, and they had promptly entered into possession. According to the terms of his grandfather's will, the bequest was void, for the fortune was to fall in such a case to Charles' mother, and on her death to Charles himself. Joseph, his father, had wasted many years and most of his fortune in weary litigation to recover the property. Nothing daunted, Charles settled down to pursue the same phantom, virtually depending for a livelihood on his wife's small patrimony. He became an officer of the highest court as assessor and was made in 1772 a member and later a deputy of the council of Corsican nobles.

The peasant mother was most prolific. Her eldest child, born in 1765, was a son, who died in infancy; in 1767 was born a daughter, Marie Anne, destined to the same fate; in 1768 a son, known later as Joseph, but baptized as Nabulione; in 1769 the great son, Napoleone. Nine other children were the fruit of the same wedlock, and six of them—three sons, Lucien, Louis and Jerome, and three daughters, Elise, Pauline and Caroline—survived to share their brother's greatness. Charles himself, like his short lived ancestors—of whom five had died within a century—reached only early middle age, dying in his thirty-ninth year. Letitia, like the stout Corsican that she was, lived to the ripe age of 86 in the full enjoyment of her faculties, known to the world by the sobriquet of Mme. Mere.

Information For a Tourist.

"Is it still the custom in this country to reach for your gun to back it up after you have called a man a liar?" asked a tourist.

"It air not, stranger," replied the early settler, "and it never wuz. It has allers ben the custom in the best society of Yaller Dog to reach for the gun fust."—Indianapolis Journal.

A FRIEND.

Oh, who does not esteem a friend,
Above all other things attend,
To speak to us when we are sad,
To rejoice with us when we are glad?

To mingle with our friends on earth,
In joy or sorrow, woe or mirth?
It is the meaning true of life,
We live within this world of strife.

But some people do not care to lend
And know no blessings of a friend,
But pass away the time till, lo!
Their days are done and they must go.

To him whoe'er mishap attend
And lives this life without a friend,
Of all the mishaps we recall,
'Twere better not to have been born at all.
—Homespun in Burlington Hawkeye.

DANGEROUS TOYS.

Gum Balloons and Bagpipes That Spread Loathsome Diseases.

There are few persons who walk along the streets of London whose attention has not been directed to the exceedingly ingenious toys which are sold by the itinerant venders for the delectation of children. One of these is a hollow tube of paper, furnished with a short piece of bamboo at one end, up to which it is coiled by the action of a very slight steel spring. On blowing into the bamboo the coil is unrolled and reaches forward nearly a yard. The sudden extension of this coil produced by blowing in it is a source of great amusement. Toy bagpipes are also popular contrivances. These are not blown in the usual way, but the breath of the performer is made to inflate a small india rubber ball, which, once blown into, supplies sufficient air to play a few bars of any popular tune.

Our contemporary, The Lancet, has called attention to the possible consequences of buying these toys, which, it says, are presented to a child after having been inflated by questionable breath, and perhaps wet with the moisture of the still more questionable lips of the vender. An infected mouthpiece, it says, has not unfrequently been known to be the origin of grave constitutional troubles. This is perfectly true. Persons who would hesitate to drink out of a glass that has been used will buy and present toys of this kind to their children, not knowing by whom they have been used or by what disease they may be contaminated. Among the impoverished makers and venders sore throats, diphtheria and contagious fevers in every stage may be raging, and children may contract fatal diseases even of a worse character than any we have mentioned by blowing and using these questionable toys. Surely it is only necessary to call attention of persons to the evil, for careful supervision would prevent the dissemination of loathsome disorders by these means.—London Queen.

In the Wrong Car.

A passenger on an up town electric car had reached her street and wanted to get out. The car was full of people standing in the aisle, and as she threaded her way they moved closer together to let her pass. She had nearly reached the door when she stumbled and fell. Another passenger who got out at the same street had just left her seat, and into this the woman who stumbled fell heavily on her face. She at once rose and looked for the obstruction and saw that it was a large sample case.

"A nice idea," she said angrily, "to put a great thing like that in the middle of the car for people to fall over. I've sprained my wrist striking on the car when I fell over it."

"Perhaps you think I should stand up and hold it," sneered a man who was comfortably seated, while a dozen women stood.

"No, sir; I think you should ride in a cattle car," said the angry woman as she escaped with her life and looked daggers after the retreating car.—Detroit Free Press

Dangerous Surgery.

Medical authorities have in some cases had reason to regret too active and energetic surgery in diseases of the nose and throat. It has in a number of instances appeared that partial or entire deafness has followed operations, and complete loss of the sense of smell is not uncommon. Conservatism is gaining ground among the best surgeons, and palliative treatment is recommended whenever there seems to be a chance that it might have the desired effect. The best doctors know that the knife is a good servant, but an exceedingly bad master, and only those whose skill and judgment are likely to be faulty are willing to cut and slash on the slightest pretext.—New York Ledger.

There Was One Difference.

Perhaps the best natured and at the same time one of the wittiest rejoinders in religious dispute was that made by Father O'Leary to an Irish Protestant. "I have no objection," said the latter, "to have the Virgin Mary treated with reverence, but only as a respectable, venerable woman, just such a one as my own mother." "Still," replied O'Leary, "you must allow there is some difference in the children."—Philadelphia Press.

Holmes on Shelley.

Shelley vaporized everything in his glowing crucible, but there was gold at the bottom of it. When I look at him, spreading the starry wings of his fancy over his chaotic philosophy, he seems like a seraph hovering over the unfathomable chasm, whose blackness is the abode of demons.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Hopeful.

"I am not suah whethah she loves me or not," said Willie Wibbles.

"Have you had any encouragement?"

"Yes, indeed. I am infohmed that she wefers to me as 'it,' just as she does to her pet dog."—Washington Star.

The whiskers of a cat are supposed by some naturalists to be provided with nerves down to the tips, while others believe that the base of the hair is better fitted out with nerves than most other parts of the skin.

DON'T CARRY BOOKS.

At Least Avoid Doing So if You Happen Into the Astor Library.

A young man strode into the Astor library yesterday afternoon, a good sized book under his arm, and was making straight for the staircase to the reading room when the old man who serves as hall porter waved him back by a gesture.

"Well, what's up with the old chap anyway?" he remarked to his friend.

"Come back here," said the porter, simultaneously pointing a finger at some unnoticed object.

"Well, I like that," answered the youth, not following the direction of the finger. "I like you for a nice, polite sort of guide in this building. Guess I'll go where I want without your assistance, my good man."

"You've got a book," said the porter sepulchrally.

"Yes," replied the young man, "I have, and if it hadn't such a respectable binding on it I'd like to fire it at your head. There," and he made a spring upward, three steps at a time, followed by the gasping porter, who finally lay prone on the stone staircase frantically holding on to the vanishing coattails.

"Come back," he pleaded, now in plaintive tones, "come back and read the notice. You'll see I daren't let you pass with that book. I'll lose my place if you're seen with it. Do, sir, please come back."

The notice is to the effect that all books carried into the library are to be left in the porter's charge and called for on coming out. The idea is to prevent readers walking off with books of the library. If without one coming in and with one going out, it's easy to know they're appropriating library property. Before the making of this rule numerous books were removed, as it was not easy to accost a reader and demand whether or not a book in his possession was his own or other people's property.

"See here," said the aggrieved youth, shying his book onto the porter's table, "next stranger you meet stop your orders and your mysterious passes, lay your stupid old finger on that piece of pasteboard, will you, and say straight out, 'Read that notice.'"—New York Herald.

THE "BLOOD LIST."

An Interesting but Uncanny Relic of the French Revolution.

An interesting but uncanny relic of the French revolution was discovered among the papers of an autograph collector in Berlin. It was called the "Blood List" and contains the name, standing and age of those persons put to death in Paris between March, 1793, and June 22, 1794. There were 1,514 in all. On the margin of the pages opposite each name are a few remarks giving the reasons for the death of the particular person, and a few of his or her characteristics. Here follow some of the passages from the "Blood List," which was afterward published in the Almanach de Revolution:

April 19.—Catharine Clere, servant, because she wished a king.

April 28.—Mangol, cab driver, 21 years old. He had said in a cafe that the nation consisted of a lot of ragpickers, criminals and thieves; it was necessary to have a king.

Dec. 2.—Suder, shoemaker, from London, 52 years old, because of his bad shoes.

Dec. 9.—Vandenyver of Amsterdam, banker; crime of himself and sons, riches.

Jan. 1.—Vauchempute, clergyman, 39 years old; he had preserved in his room some blood of Louis XVI.

Jan. 2.—Custine, the son, a noble young man, 25 years old, who was minister plenipotentiary in Berlin in 1791, where every one loved him.

April 13.—Arthur Dillon, general of division, 43 years old, was known as "the beautiful Arthur" and was formerly a favorite of the court.

Dec. 24.—Caroline Adam, widow Cravand, from Berlin.

On the list, who were, however, missed, are also a "young actrice of the Italian theater, Grandmaison Bursette, and her 18-year-old jockey, Bouchard;" 99 clergymen, two of whom are over 79 years old; 192 officers, 154 women "of all ranks and stations," and 32 writers.—New York Tribune.

An Anecdote of Shelley.

The poet Shelley tells an amusing story of the influence that language "hard to be understood" exercises on the vulgar mind. Walking near Covent Garden, London, he accidentally jostled against an Irish navvy, who, being in a quarrelsome mood, seemed inclined to attack the poet. A crowd of ragged sympathizers began to gather, when Shelley, calmly facing them, deliberately pronounced:

"I have put my hand into the hamper. I have looked on the sacred barley. I have eaten out of the drum. I have drunk and am well pleased. I have said 'Knox Ompax,' and it is finished."

The effect was magical. The astonished Irishman fell back. His friends began to question him. "What barley?" "Where's the hamper?" "What have you been drinking?" and Shelley walked away unmolested.—Junior.

Salt as a Remedy.

Common salt as a remedy for "brow ague," that distressing form of headache, has lately been extolled by some physicians. The idea in increasing the amount of the salt used with the food was that of augmenting the hydrochloric acid in the juice of the stomach—at least considerable success is claimed for this remedy, which, however, it is needless to say, will not operate successfully in all cases. By the way, sniffing a little finely powdered salt up the nostril of the affected side has been found to cure the pain in neuralgia of the face.—Family Magazine.

Friendship.

"The fundamental difference between men's friendships and women's," says a cynical man I know, "lies in just this: Two men are friends because they like the same things; two women are friends because they dislike the same people."—Washington Post.

Cape Canaveral, in Florida, was named by the Spaniards from the abundance of flowers in the vicinity. The name means "Land of the Rose Tree."

OUR ONLY DAY.

Were this our only day,
Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay,
How should we bear to live?

Not merely what we are,
But what we were and what we are to be,
Make up our life, the near days each a star,
The far days nebulæ.

At once would love forget
Its keen pursuits and coy delays of bliss
And its delicious pangs of fond regret
Were there no day but this.

And who, to win a friend,
Would to the secrets of his heart invite
A fellowship that should begin and end
Between a night and night?
—Coates Kinney in Cincinnati Tribune.

COWBOY AND CORSET.

"I jest wish yo' had never went to Dallas. I wish yo'd staid here on the ranch an kep' on a bein yer own self, stead o' driftin off the range to the city an a makin a play to be a high toned leddy. Yo' ain't like yo' used to be, Cassie."

There was a scowl on the cowboy's face as he stood before Cassie Denton, the daughter of the owner of the Texas ranch at which he was employed. The face of the bright eyed little maiden wore a pained look as she toyed with the buckskin wrist loop which depended from the handle of the six shooter in his belt.

"I knowed jest how it would be," he continued. "When yer pop got the notion into his head that yo' must be edicated an be a leddy, I tol him it'd spile yo'. I tol him yo' never would be the same gal no mo'; that yer little head'd git turned there among the fine stock, an yo' wouldn't have no mo' use fur graded critters sich as the riders o' the ranges."

"But Bob," the girl interrupted, "I am not changed in my feelings toward you. I love you just as well as I did the day pop said I could marry you, and he sent me to school for two years just to make me fit to be your wife. It was all for your sake, Bob, and it's real bad of you to act so after I had studied so hard to make of myself a lady worthy of such a man as you. I know I'm not like I used to be. I am not rough and wild like I was once. I dress better, and I talk better. It's refinement, Bob—that's what Miss Bentley, the teacher, said, and she said that a girl without refinement was just a wart on the face of society. That's just what she said, Bob, in her own words, and I feel like crying at the way you act."

"I'd a whole lot rather see yo' a good healthy wart on the face o' society than to see yo' a dab o' bright paint on one o' its cheeks, or a string o' no 'count beads a-hangin 'bout its neck. Style is fur them that lives in cities, Cassie, an is jest as much out o' place in here on the ranch as a cheap herdin greaser'd be out o' place in glory. I'd never believed it of yo', Cassie, that yo'd come back here with yer foretop curled up in a bunch an a corset cinched round yo'. I wouldn't, I sw'ar I wouldn't. No woman kin make a rancher a good wife that wears a fashion pack saddle an bunches up her mane like yours is bunched. I mout git over the curl business in time, but I ain't never goin to have no wife that'll cinch herself up so's she can't breathe below"—

With a scream of laughter the girl placed her hand over his mouth and checked his further speech.

"Oh, Bob, Bob, you naughty boy! Is it my poor little corset that has come between us to ward off your love? Oh, I must laugh, for it's really the funniest thing I ever heard of! Why, Bob, I could never live without a corset. It is such a support and comfort, and you know, you wicked boy, that my figure is much prettier than it was before I went to Dallas. Isn't it, now?"

She placed her hands against her waist and waltzed saucily around so that he could inspect her neat form.

"No, 'tain't. 'Tain't free an easy, like God intended it should be. If he'd 'a' wanted yo' pinched up like yo' are now, he'd 'a' built yo' that way. There'd be jest as much sense in cinchin up cows to make 'em look purty. Yo'd laugh yer eyes out to see a cow goin around here with corsets on, an, yo' hear me, it's jest as ridiculous fur a gal to do it. I'm agoin to roundup the ranges fur a gal 'at's got more savey than to wear sich monstrousities, 'r else I never will double up in matermony long as I live. Throw 'em away, Cassie, or yo' an me won't be nothin much to each other no mo'."

"Bob, I won't make a fool of myself for a little senseless whim such as yours. I'll wear what I please, and if it don't exactly meet with your ideas of propriety you can go and roundup a girl that's willing to put up with your nonsense."

The little girl was angry now, and with a spiteful flirt of her skirts she turned from him and went into the house. Her anger was like a passing summer cloud, and when in a few moments it had spent itself she ran to her room, and throwing herself on the bed burst into tears. She knew Bob Taylor loved her dearly, and rough and uneducated as he was she almost worshiped the handsome young cowboy. She would gladly have consigned the offending article of dress to the waters of the Brazos, which ran near the house, but she could not for a moment countenance such an unreasonable whim on Bob's part, and with set teeth and clinched hands she vowed that if her lover took her to wife the corset must be included in the inventory of her personal effects.

Days sped by, and Bob passed and repassed her about the house seemingly as oblivious of her presence as if she were a thousand miles away. Only once did he notice her, when, in maidenly desperation at his coldness, she asked:

"Ain't you never going to make up, Bob?"

"Not till you skin off that infernal pack saddle," was the surly reply.

Their lovers had been a fruitful and never stale topic of conversation among the pupils of Miss Bentley's select school for girls in Dallas, and in all their confidential chats Cassie had heard of but one effective method of whipping a recalcitrant lover back into the traces, "Flirt with some other fellow." Her only fear was that if she should try the experiment Bob might lose control of his temper and shoot the other fellow, and as a result he might be locked up for a long time in a cheerless prison, and the marriage be necessarily postponed until the misdemeanor was atoned for. The judge might be a cruel monster with no sympathy for young lovers and might send him into retirement for years, and she might become a wrinkled or calcimined old maid before he again breathed the air of freedom.

That would be terrible. But pshaw! Bob would never be so foolish as to puff out a human light for one little girl in a country literally running over with the prettiest girls in America. Not he. Anyhow she would risk it, and if Ben Allison of the Diamond O ranch came around and made eyes at her again, as he had done on several occasions, she would encourage him just the least bit, and then, when Bob recovered from the fit of temporary insanity into which her corset had thrown him and came to her in a penitent mood, she would throw herself into his dear arms and tell him that she never did, never would and never could love any one but him. Of course he would forgive her and kiss her tears away, and the sun of love would again burst forth and shine over them with new and exquisite luster.

Ben Allison's heart became real unruly when at his next visit to the Denton ranch Cassie met him with a welcoming smile, extended her pretty little hand and permitted him to hold it quite a little while after he had got through shaking it. After this gratifying reception his visits increased in frequency, and although, with great feminine tact, the girl kept his ardor within proper bounds she did not repulse him, and it soon became noised about among the riders of the ranges that "Ben was sure goin to pitch a matermonial rope at Cassie Benton, an the little thererbred'd soon pack his brand."

Bob noted all this, and his heart was filled with bitterness toward his supposed rival. He never cast the look of recognition upon Cassie, yet when he would see her moving about the house or corrals or galloping about the range on her pretty little pinto pony it began to dawn upon him that her corseted form was indeed far neater than that of any girl on all the ranges of the Brazos. After a time he was ready to swear that he had never seen anything one-half so handsome as that neat, graceful figure, and the uncorseted girls of his acquaintance seemed almost frightful in his eyes when he gazed upon their loose, dumpy forms. He began to harbor the impression that he had made a very pronounced fool of himself, but his stubborn nature asserted itself. He had said the corset must go, and go it must.

"That's a way up on top gal sence she got back from Dallas, ain't she, Bob?" Allison said to him one day, when they met in the corral of the Denton ranch.

"Yo' don't want to make no funny plays about that gal when I'm around," Bob hotly replied.

"I hain't never yit found out that it makes any difference who's around or who ain't around when I want to make a talk play," retorted Allison.

"Some things gits found out mighty sudden, Ben Allison, an this ain't goin to be fur from one of 'em. I want to tell yo' right now, an to holler it out plain, too, that yo' are a-nosin around this ranch too plenty o' late instead of ridin yer own ranch, an I ain't agoin to stand it no mo'."

"Mabbe you wouldn't mind tellin me what business it is o' yours whar I ride. Long as the gal's throwed yo' to one side yo' ain't got no say as to other fellers pitchin a rope at her."

"Yer a liar when yo' say she's throwed me, an yo' know it, an yo' want to hit the Diamond O trail right now, or yo' an me's agoin to bump together pow'ful hard. Jest top that hoss o' yours an work him lively away from here, or a calamity's agoin to occur right quick."

"Yo' talk mighty brave fur a castoff shoe, Bob Taylor, an yo' can't begin the bumpin business any too quick to suit me, yo' poor, worthless sneak."

That was the limit. The two men, their eyes blazing with anger, backed away from each other, drawing their six shooters as they went. The guns were thrown into position for quick work just as a slight girlish form darted around the corner of the adobe stable and sprang in front of Taylor. Allison's pistol rang out before he noted the presence of the girl, and with a scream of pain she fell senseless to the ground. The man who had fired the shot fled in terror, and Bob bent over his wounded darling, calling her by the most endearing names and begging her to live for his sake.

The form of the girl was borne into the house, and a doctor from Waco, who was fortunately there, attending a cowboy who was down with the breakbone fever, was called in.

"Is she dead, doctor?" asked Bob in tones of the most pitiable agony.

"No, only stunned. Ball struck a corset steel and glanced off. She will be all right soon, but it was a close call, my boy, and she undoubtedly saved your life."

Cassie soon recovered consciousness, and with joy in his every tone Bob confessed what a fool he had been and begged for forgiveness. Of course it was sweetly granted, and he declared that the marriage must take place just as soon as she became able to stand before the minister.

"And can I wear my corset, dear?" she coyly asked.

"Wear what saved yo' fur me? Cassie, I wouldn't have yo' throw that away fur a million dollars. Yo' kin wear two of 'em if yo' want to, an if yo' say so I'll wear one myself."—New York Telegram.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of November.

Nov. 25th—Twenty-eighth Sunday after Pentecost.

St. James', San Francisco.
St. Catharine, Monterey.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, December 1st.

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES
Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Nov. 25, Sunday—28th after Pentecost—St. Catharine, V. M. (310.)
Nov. 26, Monday—St. Sylvester, Ab (1267.)
Nov. 27, Tuesday—St. Felix Leonard, of Port Maurice, (O. S. F., 1751.)
Nov. 28, Wednesday—St. Gregory, III., P. (741)—St. Columban, Ab. (615.)
Nov. 29, Thursday—St. Gelasius, P. (496)—St. Saturinus, M. (100.)
Nov. 30, Friday—St. Andrew, Apostl, (62.)
Nov. 31, Saturday—Bl. Edmund Campion and Companions, M. M. (S. J. 1581.)

Blessed Cardinal John Fisher on Henry VIII's Supremacy.

In the first session of the Convention held in the February of 1531 to discuss the proposition to enact as Henry wished that he was "sole protector and supreme head of the Church and Clergy of England" the saintly bishop Fisher of Rochester delivered a noble and courageous address of which the following is part:

"My Lords, it is true we are under the king's lash, and stand in need of the King's good favour and clemency; yet this argues not that we should therefore do that which will render us both ridiculous and contemptible to all the Christian World, and hissed out from the society of God's Holy Catholic Church; for what good will that be to us, to keep the possession of our houses, cloisters and convents, and to lose the society of the Christian world, to preserve our goods and lose our consciences? Therefore my Lords, I pray let us consider what we do, and what it is we are to grant thereupon, or whether it lies in our power to grant what the king requests at our hands, or whether the king be an apt person to receive this power, that so we may go groundedly to work, and not like men that had lost all honesty and wit together with their worldly fortune. As concerning the first point, viz., what the supremacy of the Church is which we are to give unto the king, it is to exercise the spiritual government of the Church in chief, which according to all I have ever learned, both in the gospel and through the whole of divinity, mainly consists in these two points: First in loosing and binding sinners according to that which our Savior said unto Peter when He ordained him Head of the Church, viz., 'To thee will I give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.' Now, my Lords, can we say to the King Tibi, to thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven? If you say yes, where is your warrant? If you say no, then you have answered yourselves. Secondly, the supreme government of the Church consists in feeding Christ's sheep and lambs, according unto that time when our Saviour performed that promise unto Peter making him his universal shepherd by such unlimited jurisdiction, 'feed My lambs,' and not only so, but feed those who are the feeders of these lambs, 'feed My sheep.' Now my Lords, can any of us say unto the king pasce oves (feed the sheep?) God hath given unto His Church some to be apostles, some Evangelists, some pastors, some doctors; that they might edify the body of Christ; so that you must make the king one of these before you can set him over these. . . . . Attendite vobis was not said to kings but to bishops." Continuing the argument against the supremacy, he says later, "we must renounce our unity with the See of Rome, but in this do we forsake the first four General Councils which none ever forsook; we renounce all canonical and ecclesiastical laws of the Church of Christ; we renounce all other Christian princes; we renounce the unity of the Christian world, and so leap out of Peter's ship to be drowned in the wave of all heresies, sects, schisms, and divisions."

A New Feast Day.

The Holy See has recently granted in the two families of St. Vincent, the Lazarists and the Sisters of Charity, unexpected and most precious favors. It has juridically recognized the Manifestations of the Immaculate Virgin Mary to Catharine Labouri, a Sister of Charity, and has established a Feast fixed for Nov. 27, each year, to commemorate the marvelous Manifestation. At the petition of Bishops and the heads of religious orders, the Mass and office proper to the Congregation of the Mission may be followed throughout the entire Church. Every priest saying Mass on Nov. 27, in any one of the churches or chapels of the Lazarists or Sisters of Charity is authorized to use the proper ordo, conformably to the Papal Indult. Finally a plenary indulgence is granted all the faithful who, fulfilling the other ordinary conditions, will, on the Feast Day, visit a church or chapel, of the Lazarists or of the Sisters of Charity.

Pope Leo XIII. has given official sanction to the Miraculous Medal, and, in a manner positive and formal, recommended it to the faithful throughout the world. He has opened the treasures and privileges of the Church in favor of the medal, and beseeches all, clergy as well as laity, to profit by the blessings offered. The Miraculous Medal is a household word among Catholics; and the good it has effected forms one of the most remarkable pages in the ecclesiastical history of the present century. It stands as a magnificent proof of the power of the Immaculate Mary and of her maternal interest in the human race.

Peter's Pence.

The support of our pastors is an obligation on all Catholics. To the Pastor of pastors, the Pope, has aid to be rendered. Hence has arisen the gift of Peter's Pence. For the service of God, and to acknowledge His supreme dominion over men, the Jews had to give one-tenth of all fruits and profits. Under the Christian dispensation no specified portion is alloted for divine worship. On the free-will offerings of the Faithful must the Pope depend for material resources. Peter's Pence in the words of our Holy Father, "is a work of capital importance, without which there would be for the Holy See neither liberty nor dignity nor any assured means of exercising its divine ministery." The extension and perfection of the work of the Church is an increase of God's glory. Plainly the more we love our faith and the salvation of souls, the more generous will be our gifts. The Holy Father has just issued a letter reminding the faithful of the United States of this obligation, and its fulfillment as a mark of devotedness to the Roman Pontiff. And His Holiness in face of the appointment of a permanent Delegate Apostolic, orders that the payment of Peter's Pence be made to Monsignor Satolli instead of direct to Romc as heretofore.

One of the interesting features of the present number is an article by Mgr. Capel on Henry VIII. Perhaps no man in America in the present day can speak more authoratively upon the subject than the reverend author, who is intimately acquainted with English history. The fact that the Church of Engiand is leaning towards Catholicism, makes the article most opportune. Mgr. Capel has very kindly consented to contribute a number of articles to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, one of which will appear during the following weeks, the present being the first of the series.

Bishop Nichol of the Protestant Episcopal Communion used the Branch Theory to explain the presence of himself and a Bishop of the Russians exercising spiritual jurisdiction in California. He appeals to history to support their respective positions. In our next issue we will submit for the consideration of his Lordship and other Episcopalians an article on the said Branch Theory.

Pomona.

Bishop Montgomery administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large class of children in St. Joseph's church on last Sunday. Solemn high mass was celebrated, after which the sacrament was administered. The music was a special feature. Under the direction of Prof. A. D. Hunter, the organist, Le Jeal's mass in D was sung by the following choir: Mesdames Stansbury and Paine, of Los Angeles, and C. T. and George Stamm, of Ontario. Robert Loucks accompanied on the violin. Wallace's Ave aria was sung at the offertory. Bishop Montgomery lectured in the evening at vespers.

Many interesting features in the Christmas number--a sixteen page edition. Price only five cents.

THAT COVETED KISS.

It Agitates India and England and Wrings a Growl From "Labby."

The severity of the sentence (resignation under threat of dismissal) against Surgeon Major Smith, an officer in the Indian service stationed at Madras, who asked Mrs. Clegg, wife of another civil service official, to give him a kiss, is making a great sensation both in India and England.

That kiss, or rather the suggested kiss, has almost caused a revolt in official circles in India, has been a matter of serious consideration by the secretary of state in London and would be the subject of a parliamentary inquiry if the house of commons were in session.

Mr. Labouchere has brought his heaviest guns to bear in behalf of Dr. Smith. He indorses the suggestion which some one, signing himself "American Citizen," makes in a London newspaper, appealing to all who have ever felt tempted to commit the offense which has brought such tribulation upon Dr. Smith to contribute a trifle to a fund for his benefit. Mr. Labouchere commends the suggestion to every government official, every military and naval officer, every judge and magistrate and every other person in authority who ever felt tempted to kiss a lady not his wife or sweetheart. He adds:

"I would not go so far as to ask them to put their names to the subscriptions, but would suggest that they send their mites anonymously to the Smith fund as a sort of conscience money. Not only would the fund thus attain handsome proportions, but it would form a unique and permanent memorial of the extent to which human nature prevails in man.

"The most unwise thing Dr. Smith did, in my opinion, was to say that he had been flirting. Flirting can no more be carried on by one person than one person can play at lawn tennis. In its nature it is a game of reciprocity, but the use of the word was evidently an error of expression, and as the doctor himself explains when using the word he only alluded to himself. Where flirting ends and lovemaking begins is a question a young lady can answer better than I can. Does it go beyond flirting to ask to be allowed to kiss a lady? If not, is kissing itself involved in flirting? My knowledge on the ethics of flirting and kissing is imperfect, but I should have thought that the latter is seldom preceded by a request to the lady to allow it. This may, however, be the custom in India."—London Letter.

FORTY-THREE YEARS IN THE DARK.

An Indiana Woman Recovering From a Peculiar Form of Insanity.

A most remarkable case has been developed near the village of Winthrop, in Warren county, Ind. Forty-three years ago Mrs. Perry James became insane, her peculiarity being an aversion to company and a desire to be perfectly alone. She was not dangerous, but her wish to become seclusive was so great that she was provided with a dark room at her home, where she has lived a hermit life for 43 years, being cared for by her husband until he died four years ago and later by her two daughters.

Recently she began to show the return of reason and made inquiry concerning relatives and neighbors whom she knew before her mind became affected. Many of them had moved to other parts, some had died, but there were three or four who still remained, and when she expressed a desire to see them they were brought into her presence. She conversed rationally on common subjects and evinced a desire to once more emerge into the world and become one of its actors. Her aversion to people has disappeared, her peculiarities are dissolving, and upon subjects with which she is conversant she talks with freedom and clearness. There are indications that she will fully recover her mental faculties if her life is spared. One of the hallucinations that have passed from her was that the air was full of balloons filled with men, all coming toward her.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A LITTLE TOO GROTESQUE.

The Rumor That Mr. Gladstone Was About to "Enter the Church."

The story about Mr. Gladstone's supposed intention to enter the church at the age of 85 might be said to exhaust the utmost capacity of credulity. Mr. Gladstone's renewed interest in theology has been vigorously attested since his retirement from public life by copious writings on abstruse points of doctrine, but the rumor about his "taking orders" is a little too grotesque even for the contents bills of the evening papers.

There is a certain attraction, however, in the idea of Mr. Gladstone as a curate eclipsing his vicar and overawing the bishop of his diocese. To him preferment ought to be rapid, and either Lord Rosebery or Lord Salisbury would be only too glad to make him archbishop of Canterbury at the earliest possible moment.

Having been the most tremendous personal force in politics for 30 years, Mr. Gladstone might easily become the most formidable primate since the days of Becket. Nothing is impossible to this marvelous man, but all the same we do not expect him to submit himself to ordination.—London Illustrated News.

French Politics.

The indications all point to an early cabinet crisis in France. If it were not for the fact that French politics are governed by the laws of paradox, it would be a safe prophecy to say that the Dupuy ministry would not last another fortnight. It is generally felt that President Casimir-Perier would not be at all disturbed by the necessity of reorganizing his board of official advisers. There have been several such cases before. The enemies of the president may succeed in making his seat untenable. Efforts to that end will be made before many weeks, but many improbable things must happen before they can succeed.—London Standard.

LAST USE OF ARMOR.

It Was In 1799 and Was a Picturesque and Diabolical Scene.

In January, 1799, at the town of Aquilla, in the Abruzzo, then held by a garrison of 400 French troops, the peasants broke into the town, and, though they were driven out by the French, they continued to give serious trouble. They even drove the French into the fort and made ready to bombard them with heavy guns. The French were in an awkward position.

Boulert, the officer of artillery, ransacking his brains for the means of sending out men to spike the guns on the glacis, under the fire of the insurgents from the neighboring houses, suddenly remembered that he had seen in his magazine some suits of plate armor, and he proposed to try whether, protected by them, men could not sally out and work in security under the musketry fire. He got together 12 complete suits and dressed out 12 gunners and grenadiers thus, selecting big men, be it remarked. At a certain hour the garrison lined the covered way, and from thence and from the fort opened a steady fire of musketry and of artillery on the lines of the insurgents.

Then out marched the 12 knights of the eighteenth century, much in David's state of mind when he complained he had not proved his armor. The men carried handspikes, hammers and spikes. Moving naturally slowly and awkwardly in their heavy steel mail, still they succeeded in completing their work under a hail of bullets from the insurgents. The scene is described, as we can well believe, to have been most remarkable and to have had something picturesque and also diabolical about it.

As the mailed figures moved in silence among the guns, their handspikes looking like maces, their silence and the slowness of their actions seemed unnatural under the steady hail of bullets. The insurgents were believed to have thought hell itself had sent forth these extraordinary antagonists, ghosts of a past age, while the French on the ramparts, true to their nature, the first moment of anxiety over, burst into roars of laughter.—Phipp's "Marshals of Napoleon."

A STICK OF LICORICE.

Where the Plant Grows and How It Is Prepared For Consumption.

Black licorice is made from the juice of the licorice plant, mixed with starch to prevent it from melting in hot weather. The licorice plant grows for the most part on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, which flow through immense treeless prairies of uncultivated land. The climate of these great plains is variable. Half the year it is mild and pleasant, but for three months it is very cold, and for three months in summer hot winds sweep across the country, raising the temperature to 104 degrees for weeks at a time.

The licorice plant is a shrub three feet high and grows without cultivation in situations where its roots can reach the water. The usual time of collecting is the winter, but roots are dug all the year round. At first the root is full of water and must be allowed to dry, a process which takes nearly a year. It is then cut into small pieces, from six inches to a foot long. The good and sound pieces are kept, and the rotten ones are used for firewood. The licorice is then taken in native river boats of Bassora, whence it is shipped in pressed bales to London.

As the valley of the Euphrates contained one of the earliest civilizations in the world, it is probable that licorice is about the oldest confection extant, and that the taste, which pleases nearly all children today, was familiar to the little brown boys and girls of Babylon and Nineveh 3,000 years ago.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Poverty of the Bonapartes.

Some time before the death of his father General Marbeuf had married, and the pecuniary supplies to his boy friend seem after that event to have stopped. Mme. de Bonaparte was left with four infant children, the youngest, Jerome, but 3 months old. Their greatuncle, Lucien, the archdeacon, was kind, and Joseph, abandoning all his ambitions, returned to be, if possible, the support of the family. Napoleon's poverty was therefore no longer relative or imaginary, but real and hard. Drawing more closely than ever within himself, he became a still more ardent reader and student, devoting himself with an industry akin to passion to the works of Rousseau, the poison of whose political doctrines instilled itself with fiery and grateful stings into the thin, cold blood of the unhappy cadet.—Professor Sloane in Century.

Convinced.

"You aver," said the black browed bandit, "that you are the celebrated cantatrice, Mme. Squallkina. Prove it, and you are free. Never shall it be said that a Cuttaweezanda would offer indignity to an opera soprano. It is against all the tenets of the profession."

"How shall I prove my identity?" asked the captive.

"By singing, of course."

"What? Sing in this cave? No bouquets? No steam heat? And not a cent in the box office? Never!"

"Gentlemen," said the bandit, "it is evident that the lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free."—Indianapolis Journal.

Trodden on by Hundreds.

A few years ago a box containing over 900 guineas was found under the step leading into a bedroom in a Dublin house.

It must have lain there nearly a century and was only discovered on part of the floor being taken up during repairs.

Numbers of people must have frequently passed over the step without the remotest idea that such a valuable object lay concealed under it.—London Answers.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Forty Hours' Devotion at St. Dominic's.

CONCERT AT VALLEJO.

Small Tire at Sacred Heart Academy on Webster Street, Oakland.

Our readers will find in the following columns a resume of all the important events of the past few days.

Oakland.

A donation party will be given by the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society on December 4th at California hall. The demands upon the resources of the society are large, and there should be a generous response. At the meeting on next Tuesday evening a large attendance is desired, as matters of importance will come up for consideration.

The newly elected officers of Branch No. 1, C. L. A. S., were installed at the last meeting in California hall by the district deputy grand president, Mrs. A. T. McDonough. They are as follows: Past president, Mrs. J. C. McAvoy; president, Mrs. Peter Crimmon; senior vice president, Miss M. Flynn; junior vice president, Miss M. Reed; recording secretary, Miss A. Porter; financial secretary, Miss E. M. Audiffred; treasurer, Mrs. Ham Coleman; marshal, Miss G. White; guard, Miss H. White; Executive Committee, Mrs. Mrs. P. Lohse, Mrs. Kirk, Mrs. McAvoy, Mrs. McAllister, Mrs. Frederick. An excellent program, followed by dancing, was also rendered.

A small fire in the conservatory of the Convent of the Sacred Heart on Webster street on Tuesday night caused considerable excitement among the pupils of the academy. The conservatory is located about 90 feet away from the main building, and is heated by a system of hot air from a furnace. The woodwork around the pipes caught fire and was blazing fiercely when discovered. Some of the employes of the institution prevented the spread of the flames until the fire department had been called by telephone, when it was extinguished without serious damage. Many of the pupils were badly frightened, but at no time was a serious danger imminent.

Dixon.

St. Peter's church, especially since it has been under the charge of Rev. Father Lally, has acquired an enviable reputation for its entertainments, which grow better yearly. The one given on Wednesday evening of last week was no exception, and in the minds of many of the large crowd in attendance it surpassed all previous efforts. The number of participants was not large, but each performer was a star and the concert was one of the most enjoyable ever given in Dixon says the Tribune. Messrs. Manlloyd, Wood, Brady and Geary and Miss Cornelia Stanley, the vocalists, are all artists, and their voices are cultivated and pleasing. Each song was enthusiastically encored. E. I. Leake, the cornetist, is one of Dixon's best beloved sons, and never fails to make a good impression whenever he appears in public. Miss Lucy Donovan, an old-time favorite with Dixon audiences, was at her best and delivered several recitations during the evening in fine style. Edwin Sweeney, in his character impersonations, made the hit of the evening and kept the audience in a roar of laughter. The lecture, "The Catholic Church and the American Republic," by Rev. P. E. Mulligan, of San Francisco, was interesting and entertaining. The reverend lecturer reviewed the history of the church in the United States, and the part taken by Catholic patriots in all the principal events which have marked the history of the nation.

Santa Rosa.

On Thursday evening of last week the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society had a very interesting time at new Germania hall, it being the installation of the new officers of that splendid organization. The officers were inaugurated by Mrs. G. P. Hall, district depnty, and they are: Past president, Mrs. M. Redmond; president, Mrs. T. P. Keagan; senior vice president, Miss M. Woods; junior vice president, Mrs. P. Toey; treasurer, Miss M. McAndrews; recording secretary, Mrs. Sullivan; financial secretary, Miss L. Aubrey; marshal, Mrs. G. C. Roberts; guard, Mrs. M. Dugan.

The other active members present were Miss Mary Carroll, Mrs. Fitts, F. Hyde, M. McMahon, M. Noonan, Miss Redmond, F. Quinn, M. Quinn, Mrs. J. W. Keagan, Mrs. Coghlan, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Weise, Miss Grace, Mrs. P. Hyde, Miss Mulvehill. A tempting banquet was served during the evening, to which all paid substantial respects. The society has been organized about five years here and has accomplished a great deal of good, and it is a pleasure to know that it is growing and enlarging its sphere of usefulness every year.

Vallejo.

Preparatfons have been under way for some time past arranging the program for the entertainment to be given Dec. 10th, in aid of St Vincent's Sunday School. It will contain among its numbers Gilbert and Sullivan's Comic Opera "Mikado," which will be rendered in its entirety by a very efficient cast. Mr. Ed Hughes will make his first public appearance since his return home and his debut in the operatic line, taking the character of the Mikado. He will introduce many new songs beside the score of his part and it is safe to anticipate that he will make a bigger hit than ever. The program will be extensive in other numbers, especially selected to please in variety and taste. The musical part of the program will be under the direction of the efficient music leader of St. Vincent's church, Miss Emma Brainard. Reserved seats are already being sold and the demand is large.

Sonora.

The recent Fair in aid of St. Patrick's Parish was successful beyond all expectations and very gratifying to the ladies in charge. There was a large attendance of visitors during the Fair, and those who participated were well pleased. The ladies were not sparing in anything that contributed toward the enjoyment of the visitors. Musical and literary programs were presented each evening and dancing was a prominent feature.

Father Guerin in closing the Fair tendered his most sincere thanks to each and every one who assisted him. To the ladies who devoted their time and energies to make it a success; to those who contributed articles for the tables; to all who took part in the musical and literary entertainment, and in fine to all who seconded his efforts to make his Fair a success.

The gross receipts were $1,857-50, expenses $62.60, and the net balance $1,794.90.

St. Dominic's.

The Forty Hours' Devotion was celebrated with imposing ceremonies at this church on last Sunday and subsequent days. At the solemn high mass on Sunday Father Harrington preached, and Father Doogan on Sunday evening. The sermon on Monday night was preached by Father Riley. After high mass on Sunday there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which about 150 girls of the Sunday school participated, strewing flowers. The canopy was borne by P. J. White, Daniel Sheerin, J. B. McIntyre and P. McKeon. The altar was handsomely decorated with palms and chrysanthemums. The music, under the direction of Miss Desmond, the organist, was particularly well rendered and appropriate. A procession brought the devotion to a close after high mass on Tuesday morning.

Sacramento.

Next Thursday evening the Catholic Ladies' Relief Society will give a Thanksgiving party at Turner hall. The society has had so many calls upon it in the year past that its funds have become exhausted, and it is for the purpose of replenishing its treasury that the forthcoming party will be given. It is needless to add that the cause of the society is entirely worthy of public encouragement, for the people are familiar with its good offices. It has done a great deal to relieve distress and to help the sick and needy.

Branch No. 17 of the Young Ladies' Institute will give their sixth annual ball at Turner Hall on Thursday evening, January 24th, 1895.

San Rafael.

Rev. Father Phelan, the new chaplain of St. Vincent's asylum, is desirous of obtaining Catholic reading matter for the boys under his charge. Donations of second-hand books and Catholic magazines are desired. If our readers have any and will kindly send them to this office, we will be glad to forward them.

Santa Clara.

The members of the rhetoric classes attended the lecture which was delivered by Mrs. Alice Toomy, in K. of P. Hall on Tuesday night of last week, on "The Illiteracy of Speech." The highly interesting and profitable lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by the students.

Rev. Father Crumoda, S. J., was the guest of the college last Tuesday.

Berkeley.

The fair at St. Joseph's church was reopened on Thursday and will be closed tonight. Rev. Father Phillips in a circular letter calls upon all Catholics to co-operate in making these days very successful, so that the taxes, insurance, interest and current expenses of the church and school, which are very large, may not have to be borne by a few but leave the burden scattered among many.

A Good Appointment.

Postmaster McCoppin announces the appointment of Frank Horan as Superintendent of Station F, located on Devisadero street, near Post, vice Superintendent Wheeler resigned.

The new appointee is the son of the late John C. Horan, formerly one of the best-known Front-street merchants of this city.

Holy Cross.

Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, S. J., will commence a two-week's mission on Sunday, December 2d. The exereises in the evening of the first week will be for women exclusively. The second week will be devoted to men. The usual order of exercises which have been followed at the other missions conducted by these Fathers will be adhered to here.

Here and There.

Right Rev. Bishop Junger administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of eighty-eight persons at the church of the Immaculate Conception at Seattle on the 11th inst. Of the number confirmed about thirty-five were adults.

Rev. W. G. O'Mahony has been transferred as assistant to St. Charles church. Rev. D. O. Crowley is again in full charge of the Youths' Directory.

Rev. Father Duffy, formerly of St. Patrick's, has returned after an extended trip.

The new Crtholic church at Benson, Arizona, haf been completed. It will be furnished at a cost of $400,

Kev. Father Brady, formerly of Gonzalez, has been appointed pastor of Hanford.

THE MAN OF GALILEE.

A Work which every one of Our Readers Should Obtain.

By an arrangement consumated last week with the Examiner, we are enabled to place in the hands of our readers, on the same terms as that paper offers, the wonderful work which is now attracting so much attention, entitled, "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee." This magnificent work, which will be issued in 24 parts, is offered by the Examiner, to its subscribers and subscribers of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC on the same terms,—10 cents a number and one coupon.

On the eighth page of this paper will be found a coupon, which will entitle subscribers of this paper to the first number, the only one yet out, on sending or bringing it and 10 cents to the Examiner business office, 756 Market street, where the stock of books is kept. This magnificent work, pictures as it is to-day, after the lapse of 1,900 years, the land where our Savior lived and died. It is embellished with a descriptive text, and has received the highest enconiums in all quarters.

At this time of year, when we are about to celebrate the joyous anniversary of His birth, this work comes most appropriately and opportunely. If our readers desire something choice, the opportunity is now offered them to procure this wonderful work. Remember that coupons clipped from this paper are accepted when accompanied by one dime at the Examiner's business office. Not one of our readers should miss the opportunity.

Marquette Statue Chosen.

After over a year of vexatious delay the model for the Marquette statue has finally been selected. The committee consisting of J. W. Losey of La Crosse, Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee, R. M. La Follette of Madison, James Bardon, of Ashland, and Frederick Layton, of Milwaukee, met in Madison Wednesday and after examining the models and designs, fourteen of which were submitted, decided in favor of that of Signor Trentanove of Florence, Italy. The cost of the statue is to be $8,000. The model selected represents a reposeful commanding figure in the regular garb of the Jesuit, the face mild and kindly, yet strongly marked, one foot slightly in advance of the other, in the one hand a breviary, the other holding the cassock. In the preparation of his design Signor Trentanove was aided by the Fathers of the head house of the Society of Jesus in Italy, who gave much information regarding the dress and other important details regarding the early Jesuit missionaries.

The Lepers' Christmas.

The lepers at Molokai will not be forgotten this year. This afternoon the steamer Australia will take down to the Islands a large quantity of the good things which go to make the life of these desolate outcasts in the isle where all hope but that of death is left behind, a little more pleasant for at least one day in the year. It has been the custom heretofore in the city, to request contributions for the leper children about Chrstmas time, but for the past two years this practice has been overlooked, But there are charitable ladies who do not forget the lepers. Among these are Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mrs. Dr. Pescia, Mrs. Frank Mahan, Mrs. A. Welsh, Mrs. Clementina Hurtel and Mrs. Dr. Luke Robinson. Every year these ladies make up packages of good things and send them to the Hawaiian Islands. And every year Father Wendelin leads his little band of leper children in prayers of thanksgiving for the thoughtful kindness of the sextel of San Francisco's charitable ladies.

A Friend's Tribute.

As a lawyer, Mr. P. G. Galpin embodies the highest principles of what an honorable and trustworthy lawyer should possess. He is master of the science of human experience, and he sells his clients the results of that experience, being thus a merchant of wisdom. The labors of many generations of legislators and judges enrich his store. His learning is sufficient to enable him to realize the comparative littleness of all human achievements. He has therefore outlived the ambition of display before courts and juries. He loves law and justice. He has learned how surely all schemes of evil bring dssaster to those who support them, and that the granite shaft of a noble reputation cannot be destroyed by slander.

As an honorable lawyer he will not do a mean thing for money. He hates vice, and delights to stand as a champion of virtue; the good opinions of the just are more precious in his esteem; but neither love of friends nor fear of foes can swerve him from the path of duty. He esteems his office of counselor as higher than a political place or scholastic distinction. The good works of the counsel rooms are sweeter to him than the glories of the forum. He proves that honesty is the best policy, and that peace pays both lawyer and client better than controversy. He will neither pervert the laws nor falsify the facts to defeat an adversary. We are fully convinced from his past record that Mr. Galpin embodies the above principles which have given him such wide and valuable reputatiou as one of our most eminent lawyers and jurists.

L. L. B.

For Thanksgiving Day.

As usual every year Sbarboro & Co. are to the front with an attractive assortment of all the good things that go to make up the ideal Thanksgiving Day dinner. Of course, mince pies take foremost rank after the turkey is gone. Their prepared mincemeat is all ready for the paste, aad is guaranteed strictly pure. Their canned plum pudding holds second place in gastronomic affection, and can be excelled by none other. Then among all other good things whose name is legion, may be mentioned, new raisins, preserved fruits, citron, candied peels of the orange and lemon, Smyrna figs, nuts and dates. Then there are big red cranberries, which the thrifty housewife knows how to make into such delicate sauces. In fact, all that is needed in the grocery line to make a Thanksgiving dinner a success can be found at Sbarboro & Co.'s, at prices to suit the times.

Our Christmas number, ready Dec. 15th, will consist of sixteen pages, profusely illustrated. Although a double number, there will be no advance over the regular price of five cents.

CULTURE IN CHICAGO.

A Trifling Mistake Has Made Things Unpleasant For a Noted Author.

When the president of that exclusive literary organization, the Twentieth Century club, introduced Dr. A. Conan Doyle to a Chicago audience Friday evening, he committed an error which is likely to give rise to serious complications and to involve Dr. Doyle in embarrassment. Dr. Doyle is not a theologian—at any rate, not a professional theologian. He must have been startled when the Hon. George E. Adams announced him as Canon Doyle. Presumably many of the cultured men and women who were present at the Twentieth Century club reception take it for granted, upon the authority of the club's president, Mr. Adams, that Dr. Doyle is a canon, an associate perhaps of Canon Farrar, and high in the councils of the august church of England. We hear it rumored that Mr. Higinbotham, president of our late ever glorious and ever lamented World's fair, has not yet disabused his mind of the serious error arising from Mr. Adams' blunder; that he addresses Dr. Doyle as Father Doyle, and that at luncheon yesterday he said to his distinguished guest, "Will your reverence ask the blessing?"

We don't know how true it is, but we understand that Dr. Doyle has been invited to "fill the pulpit" in a number of our churches, and that he is besieged with letters addressed variously "Rev. Dr. Doyle," "Rev. Canon Doyle," "The Very Rev. Canon Doyle," etc. Altogether much confusion has been precipitated by the little slip made simply in carelessness by the president of the Twentieth Century club. We think it incumbent upon that leading literary organization of the west to set about correcting the error its executive has innocently sprung upon the public and upon a very distinguished visitor.—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

SOMETHING OF A MYSTERY.

Involving Four Valuable Paintings, a Burglar and a Close Mouthed Lawyer.

Four paintings valued at from $15,000 to $18,000 stolen from the residence of the late Frederick L. Ames at North Easton in the summer of 1885 have been recovered by the family within a week, and the recovery has been as mysterious as was the robbery nine years ago. The members of the family are still in the dark in regard to the whereabouts of the pictures all these years. They have no idea as to the identity of the burglar, nor do they know the lawyers who were most concerned in the recovery of the pictures. When the pictures were lost, F. L. Ames offered a reward of $1,500 for their recovery.

Inquiries were made a week ago as to whether the reward was still good. The reply was in the affirmative, and after some mysterious negotiations the pictures were given into the possession of the family and the $1,500 paid to a lawyer in Boston, to be turned over eventually to the man who gave the information. Everybody connected with the transaction was pledged to secrecy.

The circumstances of the recovery in brief are as follows: A man was arrested in New York for murder, and when a certain lawyer was asked to defend him he inquired of the prisoner if he had any money. "No," said he, "but I can give you a pointer so I can get $1,500, and you shall have $500 of it. The rest will have to go to a pawnbroker." In this way negotiations were opened by the New York attorney, who wrote to a certain Boston lawyer, he employing others, so that the identity of the principals could be effectually concealed, and the money was paid over and the pictures returned.—Springfield Republican.

A Remarkable Substance.

A German chemist is reported to have discovered a new substance called cryostase, which has the remarkable property of solidifying when heated and remaining liquid at temperatures below zero.

THE MODERN STEAMSHIP.

Impossible to Guess What Speed May Not Be Reached Hereafter.

Twenty years ago it was thought by many that the limit as to size, speed and economy had been reached. At present it seems that the draft of water at the harbors and the cost are the limits that will prevent further development on present lines. With different material for construction, with liquid fuel, and other improvements or inventions, it is possible that 20 years from now one may look back at the Lucania with her 21.6 knots as we look back on the Germanic and Britannic of 1874 with their 16 knots.

The steam pressures on ocean steamers up to 1850 did not exceed 20 pounds. With the earlier vessels, with only 5 to 10 pounds of steam, it was possible to stop a leak in a boiler "by pushing a rag in the hole." As late as 1846 a prominent firm of engine builders in England stated that from 10 to 12 pounds was what they used for merchant vessels. By 1880 pressure had increased to from 60 to 90 pounds, and on the introduction of steel for boilers pressures went up to about 100 pounds by 1885, and now boilers are being built, for large steamers, to carry 200 pounds. Special types of boilers for torpedo boats and other uses carry much higher pressure.

The Ericsson machinery weighs only 56 pounds per horsepower. This last is for torpedo boats and high pressures and can not yet be approached for large vessels. On the trial trip the Minneapolis developed 20,812 horsepower, and the total weight of all the machinery, with the water in the boilers, was 1,961 tons, so that the weight of machinery for each horsepower was about 210 pounds. Had the Minneapolis machinery been of the same relative weight as that of the Powhatan it would have weighed over 8,400 tons, or 1,000 tons more than the Minneapolis herself weighed on her trial trip.—Chautauquan.

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AGENTS WANTED
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THESE ARE LIVELY.

MESSENGERS WHO ARE NOT OF THE SLOW PERSUASION.

They Wear Diamonds Because They Improve Their Opportunities—Many of the Wall Street Mercuries Have Access to Valuable Information.

"Of course you know those chaps do not live on their salaries," said a Wall street broker a few days ago, pointing to one of those speedy messengers that are seen daily just before the close of the exchange flying frantically along the street.

"Just notice the next one that comes along," the broker continued. "It is 10 to 1 that he wears diamonds. If he does not, he is ignorant of the business."

At that moment one of the 'messengers," having performed his speedy and mercurial duty, passed by on his way back to the office. Sure enough, on the hand with which he mopped his perspiring face there glistened a two carat diamond.

"It's easy enough," said the broker philosophically, "and it cannot be helped. Many of these messengers are 'confidential'—that is, in the hurry of the closing moments of the exchange they receive orders of the most important nature that are simply written on an open sheet of paper. Many of these messengers are frugal and quick witted fellows, who are ready to take advantage of opportunities as quick as a flash. So far as I know, they do nothing absolutely dishonest, although in many cases such a thing would be possible.

"Very often when they are given orders to convey to brokers they digest them thoroughly, debate the chances of success and act accordingly. If they think the order a good one they rush around to some bucket shop and buy or sell, according to the tenor of the order. That is why they wear diamonds. It is an easy thing for a messenger for a firm like that of Connor & Co. or Cammack to make money. All they have to do is to follow their opportunities. Go over to the Consolidated Exchange, and you will see them."

The broker was right. While the bulls were bellowing and the lambs were bleating around the big railing two or three messengers who happened to have nothing particular to do were hanging around watching the market with feverish anxiety. Pretty soon they were re-enforced by a new arrival. He rushed up to the railing and shouted frantically to a young broker on the floor whom I happened to know. A whispered consultation took place, and then the broker dived into the melee and began to bid on a stock until he secured the proper amount, when he emerged flush and perspiring.

"It's pretty hot work in there, isn't it?" I asked.

"I should say it was," he replied, "especially when nobody wants to sell."

"Who was the young man who gave you the order a few minutes ago?" I inquired.

"He's a chap that works for the firm of —— & Co.," was the reply. "He's a shrewd boy, too, and it is seldom that he is wrong on the market.'"

"Perhaps he has exceptional opportunities," I suggested.

"I suppose that is it. It's no business of mine, though. He has an account with me, and it is never overdrawn. In fact, it is constantly increasing. I got my start in the same way, and, in fact, a great percentage of the brokers in the street were once messengers of one kind or another."

I asked an old broker who had grown gray in the street what he knew about speculation among messengers. He said: "It has increased wonderfully during the last ten years. In the old days, when speculation was heavier, it took far less to sway the market than now. Then the messengers speculated at their own peril. The turns and changes were far more quick and decided, and it was an almost sure thing that the small speculator would be wiped out in a day or so. Not half so many men are living by speculation in Wall street as formerly, and many of those who dabble in the street do so merely for the fun of it. Consequently they do not guard their tips as closely as in former years.

"Not long ago I went into Delmonico's for dinner, and sat down at a table opposite a young man whom I recognized as a messenger for a prominent Wall street speculator. I would be willing to take an oath that his salary is not over $15 a week. Yet there he sat, with diamonds on his fingers and in his shirt front, eating pate de foie gras as though he had lived upon it all his life. I suppose he had made a lucky stroke on some tip which his employer had sent to his broker, and which he had taken advantage of."

Most of the Wall street brokers seem to regard this sort of speculation among the messengers as "smart" and legitimate. There are several large bucket shops along Broad street which are resorted to by messengers of low degree who have "tips," but no money to plunge with. In some of these bucket shops you can make a deal with $10. Most of them, however, will not touch anything below 100 shares.

"There is no messenger speculation in this place," said Mr. Henry Clews. "I have never yet seen a messenger who could afford it. Some of them have come in here with orders from reputable firms, which have been honored by me, but I would not allow any messenger employed on the street to open an account with this firm, you can depend upon it. In fact, I do not believe all these stories about messenger speculation."

Several of the messenger tribe deal with up town bucket shops in order to keep their situations in Wall street. Altogether the business is a very interesting one, and to many of those having inside information it is vastly profitable.—New York Herald.

HOW HE PROPOSED.

Had Things All Arranged, but Had to Accept a Compromise.

John Duross is a young and enterprising commission man of Pittsburg. No one ever accused him of being eccentric until recently. John is a popular fellow with the gentler sex, but until a few weeks ago had withstood all their blandishments. Finally, however, he acknowledged himself whipped and proposed. This is the way he did it.

He bought a house and lot one morning, and in the afternoon took the future Mrs. Duross for a drive.

"I've concluded we'll get married," he said as the smokestacks of the smokiest city on earth grew faint and far away.

"Well," responded the young lady, with a gasp, "I presume you will accord me the privilege of something to say about such an important matter, especially since I have been selected for the victim," and she began to frown and pout.

"You must and shall say 'Yes.' Now, listen. I've got the cage, and we will go down town together tomorrow and get the roosts and tubs and things that belong to cages."

"Why, Mr. Duross! Really, you astound me with your assurance. Please take me home."

Instead, John whipped up and drove farther away from the stacks.

"After we get the mansion fixed up I will go and get a license, we'll get spliced, and as I have to go to Florida next week for a trainload of oranges you can call it your wedding trip."

The poor girl was paralyzed, but managed to protest.

"No use, Meliss, I have planned it all out, and it will be that way."

"But, Jack, I have no clothes for such an occasion, and besides I've got some goodbys to say. I shall want at least six months for preliminaries."

"Clothes be hanged!" exclaimed Jack as he urged his horse to travel faster. "I have only four suits of clothes, and you have a dozen dresses—at least I'm sure you have," for Jack didn't know whether she had two gowns or two dozen. He simply made a guess.

And so, after a great deal of arguing, a compromise on four weeks' time was effected.

That evening Duross related the circumstances to a boon companion and wound up by saying:

"I'll tell you what it is, Bill, women are the most perverse creatures in the world. To think of that girl wanting six months' time for such a blowout! Why, a week was long enough, and I don't understand why Meliss should kick for more time. But I won the day. Still I had to postpone my Florida trip, and I'll bet a $9 cuspidor that oranges will be out of sight when I get there. But Meliss is worth a thousand trainloads of fruit, and I expect we had better have another cold bottle."—Chicago Mail.

Women and Banks.

Said a bank cashier of this city: "Some few days ago a woman came in with a check for $500 made payable to her. I didn't know her and refused to cash it without the identification of the maker signifying that the indorsement was O. K. She didn't understand what I meant, but seemed to think I was refusing for pure cussedness.

"'But, madam, it is against the bank rules to give any money to people we don't know,' I explained. 'I don't know you. Any one might find a check on the street and bring it in here to be cashed.'

"She regarded this as a reflection on her honesty. 'What's that you say, young man?' shaking her parasol at me. And for once I blessed my cage, which protected me from her indignation. 'I might have found the check on the street, you young whipper snapper you! What do you take me for? I'd have you know that I'm an honest woman and not going around picking up checks.'

"'I believe it, madam,' I said, trying to appease her; but, all the same, I can't give you the money without the maker identifying your indorsement."

"In great dudgeon she went out and returned in half an hour with the proper indorsement. Viciously thrusting the check in the window, she said, 'Now, young man, refuse to give me that money if you dare!'

"As I handed her out $500 in bills she remarked sotto voce: 'Picked it up in the street, did I? Umph!'"—Philadelphia Press.

A Disagreeable Test.

It has been asserted that when a railroad express train stops very suddenly the passengers suffer in the same degree as though they had fallen from a third story window. The Pittsburg Dispatch is authority for this statement. As the majority of persons who have fallen from third story windows have been killed, it is impossible to secure their testimony on the subject and quickly stopped train passengers refuse to make the test.—Exchange.

Poetic License.

Mrs. Gore of Louisville was reading "The Ancient Mariner" to her husband, and had reached the line—

Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink!

Here the colonel interrupted her with the remark:

"What reckless poetic license! Why should they want to drink water?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Georgia Love Scene.

"Goodby, Jim—be good."

"So long, Sue—keep peart."

"Oh, Jim!"

"I hears you."

"Write me a letter through the postoffice, Jim!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The land tortoises of many countries bury themselves in the mud at the bottoms of streams and marshes on the approach of winter, and also, it is said, at the coming of a protracted drought.

General Richard Montgomery, who was killed at Quebec in 1775, is remembered in the name of the Alabama city

THE WIDOWED FARMER.

Since Hanner died the sun don't shine so bright,
The stars don't twinkle near so keen at night,
The church bell Sunday mornin ain't the cheer
It had when she was here,
Since Hanner died.

The very chickens misses Hanner's care
And go round with a sorter lonesome air.
There ain't no kind of joy about the place
Without her smilin face
Since Hanner died.

The garden tools hangs in the apple trees;
The hossweeds air a-killin off the peas.
There's no one here to hoe the taters now
Er feed the hogs an cow
Since Hanner died.

I s'pose, of course, I'd orter be resigned,
But when I go out in the shed an find
The ax she chopped the wood with all them years
I wet it with my tears
Since Hanner died.

—Robley D. Stevenson in New York Sun.

BARRED OUT.

Bright petals fell softly on the white tablecloth, glass and silver glittered in the gaslight, and two people sat moodily opposite each other over dessert, one apparently too indifferent and the other too abstracted to renew the conversation that had dwindled to a desultory end with the departure of the servant.

The man, though not in his first youth, was handsome but for the lines in his forehead that revealed a latent discontent. The woman was fair haired and beautiful. Her smooth skin and delicate white hands told of luxury and ease and a life that knew not the toil and moil of penury or the harsh buffets of a workaday world. Yet tonight her heart was busy with a fancied grievance and oppressed with vague portent.

The husband had long ceased to invite his wife's confidence, stung by her growing, unaccountable coldness, and, all too conscious of the disparity in their ages, silently but bitterly acknowledged that his marriage had been a mistake and left her to her own devices. There were times when a pardonable desire for explanation almost overcame him, but pride always checked the query that rose to his lips, and he went on blaming himself for his shortsightedness in the passive endurance of an empty fashionable life.

If he had asked that searching question, she could not have answered it, hardly knowing that the ennui of repletion had made her capricious and unwilling to believe her whims had driven them apart. So, too thoughtless and inexperienced to attempt a redemption of the waning homage that was still her own, she turned like a wayward child to the first sympathetic ear to be consoled for the mischief she had wrought.

And the consolation became so sweet! There was a certain danger about it that attracted and brought a strange excitement into her idle life—it not only soothed her ruffled feelings, but almost crushed out of memory the grievance it had come to deplore.

Only sometimes, when stormy weather kept husband and wife together for some hours, until he was able to go off to his club and she to her friends, or when the servant left them sitting silently apart, even in the genial after dinner hour, the bitter, unjust sense of injury was paramount.

She rose, daintily shaking out the folds of her silk gown. Her husband held the door open, and as she swept past him secretly admired the poise of her proud little head and the thick, natural wave of golden hair gathered into wonderful curves and loops. The faint flush on her cheeks, her downcast eyes—even the detail of her jet trimmed dress—were in his mind as he went back, sighing, to his solitary cigar.

She ran up stairs to her room with an anxious glance at the tall clock on the landing that ticked out a solemn monotonous warning from the depths of its rigid heart, and unlocking an antique cabinet discovered in one of its mysterious recesses a note which she read with a reflective little frown. Then, hastily donning fur trimmed mantle and small bonnet, she drew a thick veil over her pretty, even features, and stealing softly down stairs slipped out of the house. The season of the fashionable seaside town in which she had chosen to linger on week after week was nearly ended. She hurried on through the almost deserted streets, looking timidly about her, for she was not used to ramble unattended. Though October was near, the air was balmy but for an occasional chill breeze that swept over the sea, across whose dark, sobbing waters the moon cast a gleaming, silver green pathway.

She paused near the pier, shamefaced and irresolute, to await her sympathetic friend, whom she saw approaching with an unmistakable expression of pleasure and gratification in his eyes. There was a brief, silent greeting. Then they wandered on to the shell strewn beach, exchanging confidence to the safe accompaniment of the receding tide.

The subtle certainty of perfect appreciation effaced every doubt that had assailed her as to the judiciousness of keeping this appointment, and she told, recklessly enough, of the widening gulf between herself and the husband who could not or would not understand her, and the yearning for something she had never known, of her intellectual loneliness. And in the low musical tones that thrilled her he spoke of his own wasted existence, the wife who was no companion to him, the sympathy he longed for—and, at last, of their own friendship, hinting something deeper. She chided him softly, but with a consciousness of forgiveness for his presumption, and an equivocal argument ensued that absorbed them into forgetfulness of the flying hours till her startled cry and uplifted hand brought his carefully worded discourse to a sudden end.

From the church tower the hour of midnight boomed distinctly through the gentle hiss of the distant waves. Each stroke fell like a knell upon her throbbing heart. Looking up, pale and terrified, she saw with dismay that the lights on the esplanade had been extinguished, and the great hotels, looming with grim majesty out of the darkness, closed and shuttered.

A 12 o'clock tete-a-tete on the beach—oh, the shame of it—the stinging scandal for her dearest friends to revel in, if it ever came to their ears! The clock must be wrong, she urged piteously, thinking of the "little half hour" her conscience had been stifled into granting, but a glance at the jeweled bauble on her chatelaine by the light of a spluttering fusee confirmed her worst fears and the integrity of the maligned timekeeper.

There was no time to lose. She turned impatiently toward the town, and her companion, following with more speed than dignity, was wise enough to attempt no renewal of their perilous conversation. Through the streets she ran, breathlessly, to the surprise of the solitary policeman and sundry feline wanderers who scuttled noiselessly out of her path. How she longed to be hidden safely in the corner of her comfortable carriage, moving drowsily homeward after some Cinderella! But seaside festivities were nearly over, and there was no excuse for her tardy arrival. She held her head down, fearful of being seen on foot in such haste, and with her attractive companion, whose sensibility would have been sorely hurt at the eagerness with which she dismissed him when the house came in sight, had he not felt alarmed for his own reputation as well as the safe custody of his uncongenial wife's fortune, and with a hurried wish that all would be well walked away with an air of relief ere she reached the doorstep.

She rang the bell with a miserable sensation of being deserted in her hour of need, and a shuddering fear crept over her as she waited outside the house that looked darkly inhospitable with its fastened shutters and massive door. A boisterous wind sprang up, making her shiver in spite of her warm cloak. Clouds chased each other across the fair, round moon. She knocked and rang again impatiently.

No sound of welcome admission to warmth and light, only the faint echo of her friend's footsteps already in the distance. With the erratic logic of a spoiled and petted woman who had never seen the contrary side of the world she blamed him for not having waited—even remotely—until he saw her safely indoors, wondering, in helpless anger, that she had ever turned to him for sympathy.

A loud rat-a-tat, and then another, rather timid this time, for the closed door and retreating figure had grown hideous with awful meaning. What if her husband had discovered the secret meeting and shut her out forever! She knew men did such things on the spur of the moment, and in this case there had been a long and sullen estrangement to justify any conclusion he might pardonably come to. The thought became more terrible every instant as she knocked and rang frantically without result.

The church clock struck the half hour, a long, melancholy chime.

Trembling from head to foot, she leaned against the railings, her eyes heavy with despair. Where should she go? What should she do? The suspicious questioning of her friends, the astonished scrutiny of the townspeople, were equally difficult to face. Like a vision the awful future flashed through her bewildered brain. She saw herself exiled to the streets, a forlorn, wretched woman, forsaken by the man she despised in her real trouble, yearning to make amends for her past blindness and faintly imploring an inexorable fate at the steadfast door of the life she should know no longer.

Barred out! Oh, God! Barred out!

In undreamed of agony she pictured her husband's stern orders and the gossip in the servants' hall. Then, hardly knowing what she did and choking with desperate sobs, she turned toward the home that had become so dear, beating wildly at the door panels with her clinched fists and crying aloud like a frightened child:

"Let me in! Oh, do let me in!"

"Are you mad?" said suddenly a calm, well known voice at her side. "The maids are on the top floor at the back of the house, and nothing short of an earthquake would rouse James. If I were not careful to take my latchkey when I go to the club, he would present me with the key of the street. And why didn't you order the carriage to fetch you, or"—

He broke off suddenly. The ponderous door stood open, and he waited for her to pass in, but with a quick glance at her white face and closed eyes caught her tenderly in his arms as she fell insensible across the threshold. Gently as a woman he loosened the heavy cloak and took off the little bonnet, disentangling it from her soft, golden hair with dexterous fingers. Then, probably from a lamentable ignorance of the principles of first aid, he bent down and kissed the sweet, tear stained face that rested peacefully near his heart.

And the wife, coming slowly back to a new life of perfect love and trust through the shadow of her former folly, felt and answered the timid embrace with clinging arms and tears of joy and gratitude.—London Today.

It Suited Her.

They were threading their way slowly among the gorgeously dressed dummies in the dry goods shop, stopping every now and then to admire or criticise and to inspect linings and price marks. Nothing had pleased their fastidious fancy very much until the girl in brown saw a black serge just in front of her.

"There, Marie!" she exclaimed in triumph. "That's what I want. See how that umbrella skirt hangs! See how that coat sits in the back! The frock makes even a lay figure distinguished. If it's silk lined and doesn't cost too much, I shall have it."

She advanced and laid inquiring hands upon the frock, lifting the coat to inspect the lining. Then she fell back with a little cry. It was not a dummy, but another customer, who turned and faced her.—New York Recorder.

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MAN AND NATURE.

The mountains, and the forests, and the seas,
Oldest of mourners with pathetic tone,
Have each a natural music, all their own,
Set in accord with human destinies,
Sad, tender, manifold. What is more sweet
Than woodland melodies at noon? More mild
Than dimpled ocean, like a laughing child,
That lisps and rolls a jewel to our feet,
Breathlessly calm? And then, within an hour,
Behold that selfsame ocean on the shore
Lashes. The forest quakes with deafening power.
The rocks are rent. Then, oh! amid that roar,
Awestruck we sink, we fall upon our knees,
Ye mountains, and ye forests, and ye seas!

The mountains, and the forests, and the seas,
Have each their music, with our mortal lot
In sympathy, to soothe, exalt, appease,
And man, too, has his music; has a note
Of worldwide sweetness, tender reveries,
Dirges of buried blisses unforgot,
Rejoicing pæans, glorious symphonies,
But all of them lack something. They have not
The voice once heard in Eden, and the ear,
Pleased with rich sound, is as when some one sings
In a great court before a king of kings.
He closes, and of rapture born a cheer
Shakes the high roof, but when the lord of all
Speaks there is awe and silence in the hall.
—A. G. B. in London Spectator.

FABIO'S NOTE.

Of all the merchants in Venice, Fabio Mutinelli was the most exact in keeping his engagements. He was liberal and magnificent on every occasion, and especially with ladies and people of the church. The elegant polity of his manners was celebrated throughout the republic, and people admired at San Zanipolo an altar of gold which he had offered to St. Catherine for love of the beautiful Catherine Manini, wife of the senator, Alesso Conaro. As he was very wealthy, he had many friends, to whom he gave festivals and his purse. But he suffered severe losses in the war against the Genoese and in the troubles of Naples. It happened that 30 of his vessels were captured. So the magnificent Fabio was despoiled in a shore time of all his riches. Having sold his palace and his plate to pay his debts, he found himself destitute of everything. But as he was skillful, courageous, well learned in commerce and in the vigor of age, he thought only of restoring his business. He made many calculations and figured that 500 ducats were necessary for him to attempt new enterprises, from which he expected happy, prompt and certain successes. He asked of Alesso Bontura, who was the richest citizen of the republic, to lend to him these 500 ducats. But the good signor esteemed that if audacity procures great goods prudence alone preserves them, and he refused to expose so large a sum to the peril of sea and fortune. Fabio addressed himself to Andrea Morosini, whom he had formerly favored in different ways.

"Beloved Fabio," replied Andrea, "to others than you I would willingly lend this sum. I have no attachment for gold pieces, and I conform, on this point, to the maxims of Horace, the satirist. But your friendship is dear to me, Fabio Mutinelli, and I would risk its loss if I loaned you money. Most often commerce of the heart goes ill between debtor and creditor. I have seen too many examples of this."

With these words Signor Andrea pretended to embrace the merchant tenderly and shut the door in his face.

At night, as she was returning sadly to his house, the courtesan Zanetta, who was taking a bath in the canal, grasped his gondola and said to Fabio:

"I know your misfortunes. They are the talk of the town. Now listen. I am not rich, but I have some jewels in a small casket. If you accept them, gentle Fabio, I will believe that God and the Virgin love me."

And it was true that, in the newness of her age and in the fine flower of her beauty, Zanetta was poor. Fabio replied:

"Graceful Zanetta, there is more nobility in the house where you live than in all the palaces of Venice."

For three days more Fabio visited the banks and the shops without finding anybody who would lend money to him. Everywhere he received a wicked answer and heard speeches the tone of which was as follows: "You were wrong to sell your plate to pay your debts. One may loan money to a man in debt; one never loans to a man who has neither furniture nor plate."

The fifth day he went in his despair to the Corte Delle Galli, which is also called the Ghetto, and which is the Jewish quarter. "Who knows," he said to himself, "if I may not obtain from a Jew the favor that Christians have refused?" He went through streets the entrance of which, by order of the senate, was barred every night with chains. He remembered having heard of an Israelite named Eleazer, son of Eleazer Maimonides, who was said to be grandly rich and of a mind marvelously subtle. The door of his house was decorated with an image of the seven branched golden candlestick, which the Jew had caused to be made as a sign of hope, in view of the promised day when the temple would rise from its ashes.

The merchant entered a hall lighted by a lamp of brass, the 12 wicks of which were ablaze. The Jew Eleazer was seated before his scales. The windows of his house were walled, because he was an infidel. Fabio Mutinelli talked to him in the following manner:

"Eleazer, I have often called you a dog and a pagan. It happened, when I was younger, that I threw stones and mud at people who passed near the canal wearing a yellow wheel on their shoulders. I tell you this not to insult you, but to be loyal at a time when I come to ask you to do me a great service."

The Jew lifted his arm, which was dry and knotty like a vine.

"Fabio Mutinelli," he said, "the Father who is in heaven will judge you and me. What service do you ask?"

"Lend me 500 ducats for a year."

"One does not lend without security. What is your security?"

"You must know, Eleazer, that I have not even a golden cup, not even a silver goblet. I have nothing. Everybody has refused to do me the service that I ask of you. I have nothing in the world, except my honor as a merchant and my faith as a Christian. I offer to you as security the Holy Virgin Mary and her Divine Son."

At this reply the Jew inclined his head like one meditating and thinking, caressed for an instant his long white beard and said:

"Fabio Mutinelli, lead me to your security, for it is necessary that the lender should be placed in presence of the security that is offered to him."

"It is your right," answered the merchant. "Come!"

He led Eleazer to the Church de l'Orto, near the field which is named after the Moors. There, showing the Madonna, who, standing on the altar, her forehead ornamented with a crown of precious stones, her shoulders covered with a gold embroidered cloak, held in her arms the infant Jesus, decked like his mother, the merchant said to the Jew, "This is my security."

Eleazer looked with a subtle eye at the Christian merchant, the Madonna and the child, bent his head and said that he accepted the security. He brought Fabio back to his house and gave to him 500 ducats, saying:

"This is yours for a year. If in a year from now, day for day, you have not returned to me this sum, with the interest fixed by the law of Venice and the custom of the Lombards, imagine, Fabio Mutinelli, what I will think of the Christian merchant and of his security!"

Fabio, without loss of time, bought vessels and loaded them with salt and various other merchandise, which he disposed of in the cities of the Adriatic at a great profit. Then, with a new cargo, he sailed for Constantinople, where he bought carpets, perfumes, peacock feathers, ivory and ebony, which his clerks exchanged on the coast of Dalmatia for lumber, which was bought from him in advance by the Venetians. By this means he multiplied ten times in six months the sum which he had received.

But one day that he was in a bark on the Bosporus with Greek women he was taken by pirates and brought captive into Egypt. Happily his gold and his merchandise were safe. The pirates sold him to a Saracen lord, who, having put his feet in irons, commanded him to cultivate the wheat, which is beautiful in that country. He offered ransom, but the daughter of the Saracen lord, who loved him, dissuaded her father from surrendering him at any price. He filed his irons with the instruments that he used to cultivate the fields, fled, reached the Nile and went out to sea.

After eight days of travel in a Spanish ship, which had picked him up, a tempest threw him on the coast of Dalmatia. The entire crew was drowned, and Fabio, supported by a chicken coop, reached the coast with great difficulty. He fell insensible and was brought to the house of a widow, who was quite beautiful and whose name was Loreta. When he regained consciousness, he was surrounded by perfume of myrtles and roses, and he saw from his window a garden which descended gradually to the sea. Mme. Loreta took her violin and played tenderly. Fabio, in his gratitude, kissed her hands a thousand times. Then he asked what was the day of the month. When she told him, he began to groan and to lament at the thought that in 24 hours the year would be ended, and the date would come when he would fail to return the 500 ducats which he had borrowed from the Jew Eleazer. Mme. Loreta having asked the cause of his despair, he made it known to her. As she was a woman of great piety and very faithful to the Holy Mother of God, she sympathized with him. There was no difficulty in obtaining the 500 ducats, but none could think of going from the coast of Dalmatia to Venice in 24 hours in a bad sea and with contrary winds. "Let us have the money in the first place," said Fabio.

When a servant of his hostess had brought the money to him, the noble merchant asked for a bark, which he filled with bags containing the ducats. Then he took from Mme. Loreta's oratory an image of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, which was made of cedar wood and was very venerable. He placed it in the bark near the rudder, and he said to the image:

"Madam, you are my security. The Jew Eleazer must be paid tomorrow. My honor and yours are at stake, madam, and also the renown of your Son. What a mortal sinner like me may not do you shall surely accomplish, pure star of the sea, you whose breast nourishes the one who walked on waves. Take this money to the Jew Eleazer, in the Ghetto of Venice, so that the Jews will not say that you are bad security." Having pushed the bark in the wave, he took off his hat and said softly: "Adieu, madam." For a long time the merchant and the widow followed the bark with their eyes. The night fell. A furrow of light was traced in the peaceful sea.

The next morning Eleazer, having opened his door, saw in the narrow canal of the Ghetto a bark loaded with bags and guided by a little figure of black wood, resplendent with the clearness of dawn. The bark stopped before the house where was carved the seven branched golden candlestick. The Jew recognized the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus, security of the Christian merchant.—Echo.

Calhoun and Randolph.

When John C. Calhoun became vice president of the United States, and consequently president of the senate, he announced that he had not the authority to call the senators to order for words spoken in debate, as he regarded each senator as an embassador from a sovereign state. The eccentric John Randolph of Virginia took advantage of Mr. Calhoun's ruling to abuse him personally. One day he began a tirade by saying: "Mr. Speaker! I mean Mr. President of the senate and would be president of the United States, which God in his infinite mercy avert!"—Exchange.

A TUSCAN PICTURE.

A cool, mysterious chamber, where the glow
Of wintry sunshine from the small barred square
Pierces white radiance through the dusty air,
And in the midst, with patient step and slow,
The white ox treads his round, with head bent low
Beneath the yoke, taking his ample share
Of labor. The revolving wheel lays bare
The trough wherein it turns and where they throw
Black olives to be crushed to this rich mass
Which fills the hempen baskets 'neath the press,
Where, as the screw turns and the pile grows less,
We see the oozy shining trickle pass,
The rich reward of so much care and toil,
Symbol of grace and gladness—precious oil.
—E. C. Townshend in Temple Bar.

DR. HOLMES AND HIS PUBLISHER.

The Poet Was Very Careful and Exact as to His Copy.

When asked as to his business acquaintance with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry O. Houghton said that it began with the first publication of the first volume of The Atlantic Monthly, in the initial number of which the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published in November, 1857.

"His copy was always written on common white letter paper in a clear hand and most carefully prepared, with very few interlineations, and these were only put in after the greatest deliberation. He used to bring his copy to the office himself and would afterward come and get the proofs, which he most carefully and painstakingly corrected, frequently making additional changes and correction therein when a line in cold type did not exactly suit him.

"Our firm did not print The Atlantic in those days. We only stereotyped the plates, but nevertheless we were brought in contact with the young poet frequently. In fact, he was in the office every few days.

"He was very particular about his copy, and so careful was he as to detail and the exactness of his facts before letting matter go to press that he caused us very little trouble, and when anything was to blame he was far readier to assume the responsibility than to censure others.

"He was in every way one of the most charming men I have ever known, of a very sanguine temperament, although occasionally sad and reminiscent.

"He said to me not long ago that he felt that he was living in another age and generation, and that all the people of his time, with whom he had lived, had gone and left him."—Boston Herald.

"Man With the Branded Hand."

The person who became famous in the annals of America as "The Man With the Branded Hand" was a Captain Jonathan Walker. He was born at Harwick, Mass., in 1799, and died at Lake Harbor, Mich., on April 20, 1878. On June 23, 1844, he attempted to steal seven slaves from the coast of Florida, the intention being to take them to Nassau, in the British island of New Providence. When only a short distance out, he was overtaken and captured by the sloop Catherine and taken back to Key West. At that place he was kept in jail until he could be removed to Pensacola, where a new trial was given. He was sentenced to prison and chained by a chain and ring bolt. He was kept for some time imprisoned in that manner, or until the time arrived to carry out a further sentence, which read as follows: "One hour in the pillory, pelted with unmerchantable eggs; one year in prison for each slave stolen; $600 in money for each slave, and all costs, and to be branded upon the right hand with the letters 'S. S.' (slave stealer) by a red-hot branding iron."

That he lived through all this is attested by the fact that it has only been 16 years since his death.—St. Louis Republic.

Japan Ahead of China.

Japan, in spite of her mistakes, stands for light and civilization. Her institutions are enlightened. Her laws, drawn by European jurists, are equal to the best we know, and they are justly administered. Her punishments are humane. Her scientific and sociological ideas are our own. China stands for darkness and savagery. Her science is ludicrous superstition; her law is barbarous; her punishments are awful; her politics are corruption; her ideals are isolation and stagnation.

In thousands of Yamens throughout China men are tortured every day, hung up by the thumbs, forced to kneel upon chains, beaten with heavy bamboos, their ankles cracked, their limbs broken. Every week men are publicly crucified and hacked to death by the "thousand cuts." How is anybody to desire the extension of the sway of the latter rather than that of the former without avowing himself a partisan of savagery?—Contemporary Review.

Napoleon's Mother.

Napoleon's mother was a Roman matron both in appearance and by the loftiness of her character. Prosperity had no more dazzled her than bad fortune had cast her down. Her parsimony had been jested about, but her children always found her ready to help them with her private fortune. When the emperor was at St. Helena, his mother sent him a full account of her fortune and begged him to dispose of whatever belonged to her, an offer which Napoleon did not accept.

When somebody pointed out to her, at the time when she thus offered her property to her son, that she was reducing herself to indigence in this way, "What does it matter?" she answered. "When I shall have nothing more, I will take my stick, and I will go about begging alms for Napoleon's mother."—Meneval's "Memoirs of Napoleon."

Dante, in his maudlin love of Beatrice, says: "So powerful was the spell of her presence that I had to avoid her. From thinking of this most gracious creature I became so weak and lean that it was irksome for my friends to look at me."

WHAT THE CHINESE EAT.

Their Breadstuffs Seem Sad, Solemn, Sodden and Bilious.

A member of the English parliament, Florence O'Driscoll, has a lively paper in The Century describing life and street scenes in Canton. Mr. O'Driscoll says:

The food purveyors made a most striking display; the fruiterers exposed on flat trays bananas, pineapples, melons, figs, pears (the latter beautiful to the sight, but hard and tasteless), together with many Chinese fruits, whose shapes and tastes were familiar to me, but whose names I knew not. Some of these fruits were most artistically peeled, pineapple peeling being quite an art. A great variety of vegetables was offered for sale. Among them were the white shoots of the bamboo, which seemed to be a favorite article of diet. But to what use indeed may not this wonderful grass be put? From it Chinamen make almost everything conceivable—hats, cloaks, sheets, carpets, roofs, buildings, baskets, chairs, carrying poles, fishing tools; the list might be prolonged ad infinitum. And then they eat it as well.

Preserving ginger in many forms was a noticeable trade. The roots were washed and left in water, as an English cook treats potatoes before boiling them. A number of men and women holding a two pronged fork in each hand sat around a table with the tubs of peeled ginger beside them. They picked ginger roots out of the water, and laying them on the table pierced them all over very rapidly with both forks until quite soft. The pierced roots were then put into another tub, where they were boiled in sirup. The ginger went through various other minor processes until eventually it was packed in the earthenware jars in which it is sold in European shops. The whole process was certainly a clean one, and the smell of the aromatic root in preparation was both grateful and pleasant.

In the bakers' shops I saw nothing corresponding to our European loaf. Solid looking little yellow patties, slabs of flabby brown cakes, emblematic of concentrated dyspepsia; scones or an equivalent, apparently of fried batter, and great flakes of milk white, slippery looking paste not above an eighth of an inch thick—to be rolled up and deftly sliced with a cleaver shaped tool into long strings like macaroni. These foods were to be seen everywhere in the city, but nothing light and open. To my eyes the breadstuffs seemed sad, solemn, sodden and bilious.

THE WORK OF HER ENEMY.

And It Was Such an Awfully Mean Thing to Do Too.

"It was Miss Miggs; I know it was!" she exclaimed angrily. "She is the only girl in the city who is mean enough to do such a thing."

"Such a thing as what?" asked her dearest friend.

"As that!" she cried, holding up a letter and glaring at it. "It is an insult—a disgraceful insult—but I know that he could not be intentionally guilty of such an affront. She must have put him up to it."

"Who is he?" asked the dearest friend, anxiously working to get at the story.

"Why, Roger McGurhan, of course," she returned in the same quick, excited manner. "Who else should it be. Hasn't he been calling here for the last three months? Hasn't he been almost on the point of proposing twice? Didn't I have everything arranged to catch him next time? And now comes this!"

"What is it, dear? What is it?"

"Read!" replied the haughty young beauty as she tossed the letter to her friend. It was as follows:

"Mr. Roger McGurhan presents his compliments to Miss Daisybelle and would consider it an honor to have her company at the polls on registration day. He will take pleasure in calling for her at such time as will suit her convenience."

"I'm sure that's very courteous of him," said the dearest friend. "Why should you"—

"Courteous! Courteous!" cried the beautiful girl. "And I only 18 years old, as I once told him! Oh, some enemy has done this!"—Chicago Post.

Egyptian Geometry.

The Ahmes papyrus doubtless represents the most advanced attainments of the Egyptians in arithmetic and geometry. It is remarkable that they should have reached so great proficiency in mathematics at so remote a period of antiquity. But strange indeed is the fact that during the next 2,000 years they should have made no progress whatsoever in it.

All the knowledge of geometry which they possessed when Greek scholars visited them, six centuries B. C., was doubtless known to them 2,000 years earlier, when they built those stupendous and gigantic structures, the pyramids. An explanation for this stagnation of learning has been sought in the fact that their early discoveries in mathematics and medicine had the misfortune of being entered upon their sacred books, and that in after ages it was considered heretical to augment or modify anything therein. Thus the books themselves closed the gates to progress. —"History of Mathematics," Cajori.

Pat's Way of Putting It.

Caller—Your master's not at home, eh, Pat?

Pat—No, sir! He do be in the ould country these t'ree wakes, sor.

Caller—Excuse me, Pat, but how is it that when your mistress is on this side of the water your master's on the other, and vice versa? Is there any trouble between them?

Pat—None at all, sir. Only they have agrade bechune 'em that they can live togither better whin they're apart.—Richmond Dispatch.

An English-French and French-English dictionary is sold in England which in size is only 1 1-16 inches by 1¾ inches. It has 656 pages, 50,000 words with meaning in two languages and contains in all over 400,000 words.

NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.

He Had Great Difficulty In Learning to Speak French.

On New Year's day, 1779, the Bonapartes arrived at Autun. For three months the young Napoleon was trained in the use of French. Prodigy as he was, the difficulties of that elegant and polished tongue were scarcely reached. It was with a most imperfect knowledge of their language and a sadly defective pronunciation that he made his appearance among his future schoolmates at Brienne. There were 150 of them, although the arrangement and theory of the institution had contemplated only 120, of whom half were to be foundationers. The instructors were Minim priests, and the life was as severe as it could be made with such a clientage under half educated and inexperienced monks. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, however, the place had an air of elegance. There was a certain schoolboy display proportionate to the pocket money of the young nobles and a very keen discrimination among themselves as to rank, social quality and relative importance. Those familiar with the ruthlessness of boys in their treatment of one another can easily conceive what was the reception of the newcomer, whose nobility was unknown and unrecognized in France, and whose means were of the scantiest.

It appears that the journey from Corsica through Florence and Marseilles had already wrought a marvelous change in the boy. Napoleon's teacher at Autun described his pupil as having brought with him a sober, thoughtful character. He played with no one and took his walks alone. But he was apt and vain of his aptitude. In three months he learned the rudiments of French, to use common phrases with some fluency, and to write easy exercises.

The boys of Autun, says Abbe Chardon, on one occasion brought the sweeping charge of cowardice against all inhabitants of Corsica in order to exasperate him. "If they had been but four to one," was the calm, phlegmatic answer of the 10-year-old boy, "they would never have taken Corsica, but when they were 10 to 1"— "But you had a fine general—Paoli," interrupted the narrator. "Yes, sire," was the reply, uttered with an air of discontent and in the very embodiment of ambition. "I would much like to emulate him." The description of the untamed faun as he then appeared is not flattering—his complexion sallow, his hair stiff, his figure slight, his expression lusterless, his manner insignificant. Moreover, he spoke broken French with an Italian accent.

During his son's preparatory studies at Autun the father had been busy at Versailles with further "supplications," among them one for a supplement from the royal purse to his scanty pay as delegate, the other for the speedy settlement of his now notorious claim. The former of the two was granted not merely to M. de Bonaparte, but to his two colleagues, in view of the "excellent behavior"—otherwise subserviency — of the Corsican delegation at Versailles. When in addition the certificate of Napoleon's appointment finally arrived, and the father set out to place his son with a proper outfit in his new school, he had no difficulty in securing sufficient money to meet his immediate and pressing necessities, but more was not forthcoming.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

The Tyrant Potato.

Mrs. Rorer evidently indorses Marion Harland's view of the "tyrant potato." Says the former: "Life is too short to be spent in digesting potatoes. I never eat them in any form. You might as well put pieces of mica into your stomach as fill it with Saratoga chips." It is undoubtedly true that in many households nowadays the potato habit is much lessened. Time was when potatoes fried for breakfast, baked for luncheon and mashed or plain boiled for dinner was the logical course of table events in almost every well regulated family. The breakfast cereal has practically banished it from the first meal of the day, it is often absent from the luncheon board, and it is really only at dinner that it is apt to be in perennial evidence. A dish of boiled rice or samp or baked hominy will be found an excellent substitute for the berated Irish tuber, which, while not perhaps guilty of all the indictments against it, might well be relegated to an occasional rather than an everlasting appearance.—New York Times.

Headaches From Eye Strain.

Among the most exquisite of tortures are headaches that proceed from overtaxing the eyes. Much of this trouble is due to imperfect curvature of the cornea. However slight this imperfection may be, the pain from the strain is intense. The muscles become sore and irritable, and the constant tension is likely to create chronic ailments of the nervous system. Eye strain and extreme irritability of temper are frequently associated. It is often the case that the eyes are not suspected as a cause of headache, but the proper glasses give relief at once.—New York Ledger.

A Kind Girl.

"Have you got any waterproof powder?" she asked the druggist in a whisper.

"Any—what? Er—beg pardon."

"Waterproof powder. I'm sure he is going to propose this evening, and I've got to refuse him, and if I shed a few tears it will be easier for the poor boy."—Indianapolis Journal.

Louis Napoleon was taken prisoner by the Prussians Sept. 2, 1870, and imprisoned in a German castle until the close of the war. He was then allowed to depart, and, going to England, took up his residence in Chiselhurst, where he lived quietly until his death, Jan. 9, 1873.

The Big Sandy, in Kentucky, took its English name from its sand bars. The Indians called it the Chatteroi, meaning "the sandy river."

THE SOLACING WEED.

Civilized Men Take to Tobacco as a Level Above the Lower Animals.

In the opinion of about four in every five men the essential difference between man and the inferior animals is that man smokes tobacco. Occasionally a precocious monkey has been taught to drink beer and smoke a pipe—Old Tom in the London zoo, for instance—but this only emphasizes the exclusive humanness of smoking. The monkey is nearest kin to man and is in full progress toward the human state. As the ultra temperance lecturers affirm, "A dog wouldn't smoke the vile weed." No other animal than superior man and the anthropoid ape will smoke. Perhaps in the civilized white world one man in five is the victim of some defect that disqualifies him for smoking. The defect may be a tendency to a cancerous growth, or it may be a wife or a mother-in-law. The remaining four are in the full enjoyment of all their faculties and the right to pursue happiness through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

Lack of opportunity to smoke is without doubt the most afflictive evil under which a majority of men suffer. A large proportion of men are employed in offices, stores and shops where rules against smoking are rigidly enforced. This is entirely proper. No superior smoker ever smokes while working. To do that is to debase the luxury and to take off the keen edge of the pleasure. It is intemperance and dissipation. The most expert wine tasters never drink to excess, but find that in moderation only does the palate retain its power to detect the delicate flavor. So with smoking. At night, after a few pipes or cigars have dulled the edge of appetite, it is allowable to smoke half a dozen with some violence to stimulate a jaded palate, but at other times pleasure goes with moderation. To smoke after a meal is the imperative demand of the whole system. Not to be able to do this is to incur endless disorders of the nervous system, the stomach and the entire digestive apparatus and sometimes to invite progressive decay of the mental faculties. There is no better preparation for a day's work for the smoker than a pipe or cigar after breakfast.—New York Advertiser.

BRASS SIGNS IN NEW YORK.

Probably Half a Million Dollars Invested In This Sort of Ornamentation.

A stroll along Broadway early in the morning discloses an army of men engaged in polishing the brass signs that flank the entrance of the stores, and the same sight may be noted on Sixth avenue or any of the other principal business streets. Walk down one of these thoroughfares an hour later, and the rays of the sun, reflected from thousands of burnished surfaces, made bright for the day by vigorous rubbing, dance about you and dazzle your eyes. In fact, commercial New York is a city of brass signs.

The other day a South Fifth avenue maker was asked if he could give an estimate of the amount of money invested in these "standing ads." of metal.

"Well," he replied, "a door sign of brass costs from $25 to $150, according to its size, lettering and border designs. Of course you can get small office signs for less money, but I am speaking of those used by merchants, bankers and that class of people. Take some large stores, and you will notice they are literally bordered with brass signs at the entrances and long signs beneath the big show windows. A display of that sort represents an outlay of from anywhere between $500 and $2,000. From the local business our firm does and from a general knowledge of how our rivals are getting on, I have no hesitancy in saying that commercial New York city has $500,000 invested in brass signs."—New York World.

Horsepower of the World's Engines.

A steam "horsepower" is equivalent to the actual strength of three horses of the average weight and size, and each horse represents the strength of seven men of the average weight of 154 pounds. The total horsepower of the engines of the world (not including locomotives, of which there are 105,000, with a total horsepower of 3,000,000) is 46,000,000, which represents all the force that could be exerted by 1,000,000,000 men, or more than twice the total working population of the entire globe. Four-fifths of the power machines now in active service have been made during the past 25 years. This country has the highest amount of horsepower, 7,500,000; England comes second, with 7,000,000; Germany third, 4,500,000, only two other countries, France and Austria-Hungary, having engines representing over 1,000,000 horsepower, that of France being reckoned at 3,000,000 and Austria-Hungary at 1,500,000. The above figures are for 1891 and are the very latest on that subject.—St. Louis Republic.

The Inventor of the Torpedo.

Mr. Brennan, the inventor of the torpedo, commenced life as a watchmaker in Australia and at once developed a genius for invention. From first to last this torpedo, which has proved so profitable to him, cost him 18 years of hard work. The torpedo was sold to the British government for $150,000, and to insure the secret of the mechanism being kept each portion of this fearful engine of destruction is made in a different shop, the workmen are searched on entering and leaving the building, and Mr. Brennan and his partner are the only persons who fix the torpedo together ready for working.—London Globe.

Much Improved.

From the report of a missionary to Africa:

"My congregation refuse to give up cannibalism, but I have succeeded in so far improving their tastes that they now eat with knives and forks."—Reading (Pa.) Telegram.

The word Minneapolis is a compound of an Indian word meaning curling water and a Greek word meaning city.

GOTHAM'S UPPER CRUST.

What a Few Punctures by One of Its Dudes Discloses.

This is the time of year when the society writer makes up his list of coming debutantes and dwells feelingly on their youth, beauty and wealth, as if he—poor fellow—would like to get at them himself. I believe there are no raving beauties about to be launched this year, but there are plenty of money and a lot of young women of whom it may be said, "They are such nice girls!" Little Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, who is dainty and entirely sweet, is, of course, the heiress par excellence of the season, and the scramble after her will be something awful. Indeed nearly all the New York families of note have something in the way of a daughter to contribute to society. I fear that most of these pretty little girls must be content with the introduction of a tea, a cruel and barbarous ceremony, to be sure, but inexpensive and easily managed. None of the debutantes, with the exception of Miss Vanderbilt, has any chance of a coming out ball simply because none of them lives in a big enough house, and times are not propitious for hiring halls.

Mrs. Coleman Drayton's legal answer to her husband's complaint is rather unsatisfactory to society. She simply says she didn't and leaves it an open question between her own and her husband's veracity. People rather hoped for something with more spice in it, more boiling oil, so to speak. When people who lead society come to grief in divorce courts, people have a right to expect a great sensation. To simply say: "You are all wrong. I never was there in my life," is not what we have been expecting. Society holds that Mrs. Drayton should have named some haunts said to have been frequented by her husband and made matters generally unpleasant for him. In its present shape it doesn't look as if the case would ever be brought to trial, and therefore society, which once fawned upon Mrs. Drayton, is disappointed. It actually feels as if Mrs. Drayton had in some way done it a grievous injustice.

Well, chappies, what are we coming to anyhow? Here is young Steevie Thorn, who married the concert hall singer, Mlle. Di Dio, taking his bride to the Midway plaisance of the Waldorf—right into the heart of the Four Hundred, as it were—and dining there, while society cranes its neck to see the new Mrs. Thorn and wonders whether she will burst forth in song while at table. Oh, dear! but it was most devilishly exciting, don't you know, and naughty Steevie had the audacity to seem to actually enjoy it all.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A CORNER IN ELK TEETH.

Losekamp Has Over 86,000 of Them Locked Up In Safety Vaults.

Mr. John D. Losekamp of Billings, Mon., practically holds the elk tooth stock of the entire country, and to his already enormous supply he is constantly adding, the Indians and hunters bringing teeth to him from all over the country. Not every one knows that the elk teeth, or rather the tusks, of which two only are found in the mouth of the adult elk, have a practical commercial value. The teeth are used as jewelry, mostly as pendants on watch guards or as insignia of the secret society known as the Elks. The value of a tooth ranges from 50 cents to $2.50, according to its size, color and marking.

Mr. Losekamp has now over 86,000 elk teeth deposited in safety vaults. Many of the old Indian dresses were highly ornamented with elk teeth, some of them being fairly covered with the teeth. Mr. Losekamp has lived on the frontier all his mature life and understands Indian trading perfectly, yet he has sometimes paid over $100 for a single garment thus ornamented, caring, of course, for nothing but the teeth. The Indians brill the teeth to fasten them on their dresses, and this does not injure the value of the tooth, but they have a much worse habit of sometimes staining the teeth a bright red. This dye cannot be extracted and depreciates the value of the elk teeth for a white customer. The Indians do not dye the teeth so much now since they have learned they can sell them for more in their natural state.—Forest and Stream.

Never Asked For a Patent.

"Fifty-three years ago I invented the winnowing mill now in common use," says Moses Gilman of South Sangerville. "If I had had it patented, I might have realized a fortune from it, as all the machines that have been built since have been upon the same principle. Even the thrashing machine separators, which have superseded the old time flail, use the winnowing mill substantially as I first made it for clearing the chaff from the grain. I have invented many other things that were valuable, but I never asked for a patent." Mr. Gilman, though 77 years old, is still at it inventing, and says if his strength and reason hold out he is going to produce some valuable new ideas yet.—Auburn (Me.) Gazette.

The Divine Sarah's Latest.

Sarah Bernhardt has developed a new eccentricity, if report is true, which does not inspire her friends with confidence in her attractive qualities as a hostess. In one of her reception rooms the furniture is a succession of surprises of the "shut up" order, which is more amusing to the divine Sarah than it is to her guest. As soon as he is seated in one cozy looking chair an invisible spring sends something up to tap him on the head, and directly he is seated in another the arms spread out and close around him so tightly that he is powerless to move until some one comes to release him.—Paris Journal.

Domesticated Zebras.

Zebras broken to harness can now be seen drawing carriages in London, three animals having been sent there from the Transvaal as a proof that they can be domesticated.

JAMES HOAR'S EXILE.

A Queer and Romantic Story From the Mountains of Pennsylvania.

The death of Mrs. Jennie Hoar at her mountain cottage back of Jumonville removes one of the most romantic characters that ever dwelt in the mountains of Fayette county. She was born where she died, and her sorrowfully romantic life covered a term of 93 years.

Seventy years ago there came to this county from Massachusetts a young man named James Hoar, son of a prominent citizen of Boston, educated at one of the leading eastern colleges. Beyond this nothing could be learned of his life. He secured work as a day laborer at the old Wharton furnace. Everything about this stranger bespoke the gentleman of culture. This fact, added to the mystery of his life, led to the conclusion that he had left Massachusetts for reasons which he did not care to divulge.

One day as he was handling a large piece of metal it fell and broke his leg. He was taken to the home of Benjamin Bronson. Bronson had a daughter named Jennie, a typical country girl. When Hoar was taken to her home, her spare time was devoted to the care of the new arrival. After the patient was able to be about his attentions to Jennie became apparent, and a quiet country wedding followed. They took up their abode in a little log house about a mile east of Dunbar. A household of children came to their fireside. James Hoar had become a typical woodsman, and many stories of his prowess as an athlete are still told.

The tranquillity of the little mountain home was broken by the appearance of a southern planter named Le Clair. He was accompanied by his wife, and together they secured quarters at Hoar's cabin. The latter had a daughter 21 years old. Le Clair pretended to have become enamored of the fair haired mountain girl. The secret of his pretended love was kept from his wife, and when the Le Clairs left she disappeared. What became of her is still a mystery, and it is believed that she was kidnaped by the Le Clairs and taken south. The broken hearted mother never recovered from the loss, and from that time life for her was one long sorrow. James Hoar died at the age of 83.

It is now known that his connection with some of the Cape Cod pirates drove him into this mountain exile. He was a cousin of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. Jennie Hoar made a livelihood after the death of her husband by selling roots and herbs.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SHE MUST GET BLUE BLOOD.

The Talk Is Now That Pullman's Daughter Will Marry Alexander of Servia.

King Alexander of Servia is asserted to be on the eve of marrying Miss Pullman, daughter of the American car builder. Not only does the match constitute a topic of discussion in the capitals of Europe, but it has been published as an affair definitely settled in some of the most reliable Viennese, Berlin and Parisian papers.

Surprising though it may appear at first sight, there are far fewer obstacles to a union between the American heiress and King Alexander than with Prince Isenburg-Bierstein, for, whereas the prince is debarred by the statutes of his family—statutes that are recognized as valid by the courts of Vienna, Berlin and all the minor German capitals—from marrying any woman not his equal in birth and rank there is no such impediment to prevent King Alexander of Servia from wedding the girl of his choice, be she peasant or princess.

The Isenburgs were sovereigns for hundreds of years and up to the beginning of the present century, although they are now no longer so. The king of Servia's ancestors, even in the early part of the present century, were illiterate swineherds, and, although their descendant is a king and recognized as such by the various foreign courts and governments, yet he is not hedged in with the same restraints and restrictions that surround those of his brother monarchs who have behind them a long line of royal predecessors.—New York Advertiser.

PERFECTLY SANE NOW.

But Forty-five Years of His Life Are a Complete Blank to Him.

"In the village of Lubec," says the Portland raconteur, "lives Clem Wallis. When he was a boy about 15 years of age, he went out to his father's pasture to catch a frisky colt. As he was about to place a halter around his neck the colt kicked him in the head, making a ragged wound. The wound healed, but it soon became apparent that the man was slightly demented, and his hallucination took peculiar forms. He would travel up and down the bay on the steamboats, claiming the proprietorship of the latter and refusing to pay fare. The steamboat men humored him, as he was considered daft, and he was the butt of the small boys' jokes and banter. He has lived in the village since and is now 60 years of age.

"About six weeks ago the local physicians determined to experiment on his case. They found that a portion of his skull had been forced into contact with the brain by the blow, and by a skillful operation removed the pressure. Strange to say, the man has now recovered his reason, and the first question he asked when he recovered from the operation was, 'Did the colt get away?'

"Wallis is perfectly sane now, but 45 years of his life are a perfect blank to him."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

An Early Start For 1994.

Who shall say that Attleboro is not an up to date town? A subscription has been started for a tercentennial day, to be observed in 1994. It is expected that $400 will be raised, which should yield $20,000 in 1994. The names of the subscribers, it is intended, shall grace the programme 100 years hence. This is seeking posthumous fame with a vengeance.—Boston Traveller.

The San Francisco Examiner

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$15,000 FOR TRANSPARENCIES.

A Single Item of the Cost of the Political Canvass In New York City.

During the two weeks preceding an election in New York city those sign painters who make a specialty of political transparencies have something of a harvest. There are only a few of them, and they divide about $15,000 paid for printing on canvas the names of the candidates and affixing the canvas to a plain wooden frame which serves as firewood after the election. The average cost of the campaign transparency stretched in front of a party headquarters is $15. There were about 1,000 such transparencies in New York city this year, averaging about 35 in each assembly district.

Tammany had a headquarters in every assembly district. The Republicans had two headquarters in every assembly district—those of the regulars and the Milhollandites. Then there were the State Democracy, the Anti-Tammany Democracy, the Independent county organization, the Good Government clubs, the German Reform union, the New York or Voorhis Democracy and the Socialists, Populists and Prohibitionists. Next came the business men's associations, the young men's clubs, the social clubs which made political nominations, and such independent organizations as the Italian-American Republicans, the Hungarian Democrats and the Swedish anti-Tammanyites. Each congress candidate usually had a separate headquarters, and some of the assembly and aldermanic candidates also opened rooms of their own.

The most elaborate of the campaign transparencies was, of course, to be found in front of Tammany hall. This year two changes of candidates—judge of the court of appeals and mayor—had been made upon it, which is unusual in one election. After the battle of the ballots was over the canvas on the transparencies was torn to shreds, and the wooden framework was split up. There was nothing left to show for the expenditure of about $15,000.—New York Sun.

Carries His Name Well.

Jeremiah Prophet Elijah Kumler is the full name of the moderator of the Presbyterian synod just adjourned in Tyrone. He is a graduate of Miami university and has been 34 years in the ministry. He is pastor of the East Liberty church, Pittsburg, and is an eloquent and forceful speaker. He has a sister named "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing."—Philadelphia Times.

The Office or the Dogs.

Miss Louise Imogen Quincy is the postmistress of Auburndale, Mass. She writes verses and has some of the other eccentricities of genius. She keeps two monstrous dogs that are said to be fierce. Timid people refuse to go to the office for letters or stamps, and it is evident that Miss Quincy must give up the post-

COSTLY INSOLENCE.

Some Things, at Least, Are Well Done In the Czar's Dominions.

A want of politeness is a disadvantage at St. Petersburg. In one of the principal streets in that city is a large fruitshop belonging to a very wealthy merchant, who, besides selling fruit, keeps an elegant restaurant in the same building and occupying a position directly behind the shop.

Two young officers of the guard the other day entered, had lunch together, and after paying their bill both went out. They had, however, only proceeded a short distance when one of them missed his pocketbook, and thinking that he might have left it in the restaurant where he and his friend had lunched returned and asked politely if any one had seen it. The proprietor himself, a millionaire, came on the scene, and after giving expression to some objectionable remarks said that it might well be doubted whether the young officer possessed such an article as a pocketbook.

The officer complained to the police, and ultimately the matter reached the prefect, who, regarding it as an insult to the imperial uniform, caused the restaurant to be at once locked up, the doors sealed and prohibits the proprietor from longer catering to the public taste.—St. Petersburg Correspondent.

The Cat Question Settled.

The question why cats fall on their feet was solved Wednesday to the satisfaction of the French Academy of Sciences. Maurice Levy gave a mathematical demonstration that a cat can by certain movements of its body turn round in the air without external assistance. His theorem is that a natural system can pivot on and by itself, if certain of its points have, in comparison with others, such a degree of liberty as to describe curves without hampering the movement of the other points of the system. A gymnast, writing to The Temps, gives the same explanation. Just as an acrobat, he says, turns a somersault in the air by pressing his chin on his breast and his knees on his thorax, thus making the center of gravity pass from one point to another, so the cat, a born acrobat, is equally expert.—Paris Letter.

Flowers Dear In New York.

Violets cost only 50 cents a bunch, but the bunches are very small. For 25 cents the Broadway florists make up little bunches for the buttonhole of men's coats, but they contain only one-third of the original bunch. When a man makes that kind of purchase he is likely to conclude that there is a violet trust or else that enough people are not engaged in the cultivation of violets. The best chrysanthemums sell on Broadway for $1 each. As cultivators would grow rich selling them at 5 cents each, some one must be making good for the late hard times.—New York Correspondent.

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